

From the British Quarterly Review.

1. *Kossuth's Speeches in England.* London: Gilpin. 1851.
2. *Tracts of the Society of the Friends of Italy.* No. I. "Non-Intervention." London: Offices of the Society. 1851.

THE doctrine which we propose to discuss in this paper has recently been brought before the public in a very conspicuous manner; and there is no doubt that the speculations which are taking place upon it will have a vast effect on the practice of our own and of other nations in reference to foreign affairs. Before proceeding to such remarks on the subject as appear to us most pertinent to the present moment, it may be well to lay before our readers one or two extracts exhibiting the various lights in which the substance of the doctrine has from time to time been regarded.

Saying of Cicero respecting the Duties owing to Foreign Nations.—"Magis est secundum naturam, pro omnibus gentibus, si fieri possit, conservandis, aut juvandis, maximos labores molestiasque suscipere, imitantem Herculeum illum quem hominum fama, beneficiorum memor, in concilium Cælestium collocauit, quam vivere in solitudine, non modo sine ullis molestiis, sed etiam in maximis voluptatibus, abundantem omnibus copiis. Quocirca optimo quisque et splendidissimo ingenio longe illam vitam huic anteponeit. . . . Qui autem civium rationem dicunt habendam, exterorum negant, hi dirimunt communem humani generis societatem; quâ sublata, beneficentia, liberalitas, bonitas, justitia funditus tollitur: quæ qui tollunt etiam adversus Deos immortales impii judicandi sunt; ab his enim constitutam inter homines societatem evertunt." (It is more according to nature to take on hand the greatest labors and troubles for the preservation and assistance, if possible, of all nations, herein imitating that Hercules whom the tradition of men, mindful of beneficent deeds, has placed in the assembly of the Celestials, than to live on in isolation, not only without troubles, but even in the greatest luxury and with overflowing abundance of all good things. Wherefore every man remarkable for the superiority and splendor of his genius is seen to prefer the former kind of life to the latter. . . . And they who, admitting that one ought to take account of one's fellow-citizens, deny that the same duty extends to foreigners—such persons take away all common social existence from the human race; which being taken away, beneficence, liberality, goodness, justice, are uprooted: and those that uproot these are to be adjudged as guilty of impiety even against the immortal gods; for they overturn the fellowship established by those gods amongst men.)—*Cicero de Officiis*, iii. 5, 6.

Vattel on National Rights and International Duties.—"The purpose of the natural social fellowship established amongst all men being that they may lend each other mutual assistance towards their own improvement and the improvement of their condition; and nations, considered as so many free personalities existing together in a state of nature, being obliged to cultivate fellowship with each other—it follows that the purpose of the

social fellowship established by nature amongst all nations is also mutual assistance towards their improvement and the improvement of their condition. The first general law, therefore, involved in the very purpose of that social fellowship which exists amongst nations, is, that every nation ought to contribute as much as lies in its power to the happiness and improvement of all others. . . .

Nations being free and independent, just as men are naturally free and independent, the second general law of international fellowship is, that every nation ought to be left in the peaceable enjoyment of this liberty which it derives from nature. . . . In this liberty and independence

it is implied that it belongs to every nation to judge of what its conscience requires it to do, of what it is possible or impossible for it to do, and of what it is expedient or inexpedient for it to do. And in all cases in which it appertains to a nation to judge what it ought to do, no other nation can justly constrain it to act in this or in that manner. . . . As men are naturally equal,

and their rights and obligations the same, nations, being composed of men, are also naturally equal, and hold from nature the same obligations and the same rights. Powerfulness or weakness makes no difference in this respect. A dwarf is as much a man as a giant; a small republic is no less a sovereign state than the most powerful kingdom. It is a necessary consequence of this equality, that what is permitted to one nation is also permissible to every other; and that what is not to be permitted to one is not permissible to any other. . . .

One ought to reckon as sovereign powers such states even as are attached to another more powerful state by what is called an unequal alliance; in which kind of alliance, as Aristotle says, the most powerful state receives the largest share of honor, the weakest the largest amount of succor. The conditions of these unequal alliances may be varied infinitely. But whatever they are, provided that the inferior allied state reserves its sovereignty, it ought to be regarded as an independent state holding commerce with others under the authority of the right of nations."—*Le Droit des Gens, par M. de Vattel*. Edition of 1758. Book i., chap. 1.

"All the duties of a nation towards itself have for their object either the *conservation* of the nation and its condition, or the *improvement* of the nation and its condition. . . . Every nation ought therefore, on occasion, to labor for the *conservation* of others, that is, to guarantee them against ruinous disaster, when that can be done without too great risk to itself. Thus, when a neighboring state is unjustly attacked by a powerful enemy who threatens to oppress it, if you can defend it without exposing yourself to too great danger, there is no doubt that you ought to do so. Do not object that it is not allowable for a sovereign to expose the lives of his soldiers for the safety of a foreigner with whom he has not contracted any defensive alliance. He may himself be some time or other in a condition to require help; and, consequently, to put into vigorous action this spirit of mutual assistance, is in fact to labor for the security of his own nation. . . . A nation ought not to

confine itself to activity for the conservation of other states; it ought, moreover, to contribute to their *improvement*, according as it has power and there is need of its help. Now, a state is more or less perfect, according as it is more or less capacitated to obtain the end of civil society, which consists in procuring for its citizens all that they have need of for their necessary wants, the convenience and pleasant enjoyment of life, and in general for happiness; in acting so that each one may tranquilly use what is his own, and obtain justice securely; finally, in defending itself against foreign violence. Every nation ought, therefore, to contribute, on occasion, and according to its power, not only to procure for other nations the enjoyment of these advantages, but also to render them capable of procuring them for themselves. Therefore a civilized nation ought not to refuse, when another nation, desirous of emerging from barbarism, comes to ask masters to instruct it. But, though a nation is obliged to contribute all it can to the improvement of others, it has no right to constrain others to receive what it thinks suitable for this end. To attempt this would be to violate natural liberty. Those ambitious Europeans who attacked the American nations, and subjected them to their greedy domination, in order, as they said, to civilize them, and instruct them in the true religion—these usurpers, I say, acted on a pretext equally unjust and ridiculous. One is surprised to hear the learned and judicious Grotius tell us that a sovereign may justly take arms to chastise nations guilty of enormous outrages on natural law; nations, for example, that treat inhumanly their fathers and mothers, as the Logdians did, or that eat human flesh, as did the ancient Gauls. He has fallen into this error because he attributes to every independent man, and, by parity, to every sovereign, I know not what right to punish crimes which imply a flagrant violation of the law of nature, even though they have no bearing either on his rights or his safety. But we have shown that the right to punish, as far as men are concerned, is derived alone from the right of security; consequently, it does not belong to sovereigns, except against those who have injured them. Grotius did not perceive that, in spite of all the precautions laid down in subsequent paragraphs, his sentiment opened the door for all the furies of enthusiasm and fanaticism, and furnished the ambitious with pretexts innumerable. Mahomet and his successors ravaged and subdued Asia to avenge the insulted unity of God.”—*Ibid.* Book ii., chap. 1.

“It is a manifest consequence of the liberty and the independence of nations that every one has the right to govern itself as it deems best, and that no one has the least right to intermeddle with the government of another. . . . The sovereign of a nation is he, whosoever he be, to whom the nation has committed the empire and the care of government; it has clothed him with its rights; and it alone is directly interested in the manner in which the leader it has given to itself uses his power. It appertains not, therefore, to any foreign power to take cognizance of the administration of this sovereign, to set itself up as a judge of his conduct, or to oblige him to change it in any respect. If he crushes his subjects with taxes, if he treats them harshly, it is the nation's own affair; no one else is called upon to give redress, or to oblige him to follow maxims more equitable and wise. It is the part of prudence, indeed, to observe occasions wherein one may remonstrate

with him officiously and amicably. . . . But if a prince, attacking fundamental laws, affords his people legitimate ground for resisting him; if tyranny, become insupportable, rouses the nation, then any foreign power has the right to assist an oppressed people that demands its help. When a people reasonably takes arms against an oppressor, it is but justice and generosity to succor brave men who defend their liberty. Whenever, therefore, things go the length of a civil war, foreign powers may assist that one of the two parties which seems to them to be founded on justice. The power that assists an odious tyrant, or the power that assists an unjust and rebellious people, sins, doubtless, against duty. But when the bonds of political society are broken, or at least suspended between sovereign and people, they may be considered as two distinct powers. . . . But this maxim ought not to be abused so as to authorize odious intrigues against the tranquillity of states.”—*Ibid.* Book ii., chap. 4.

“Should there be a nation which openly professed to trample upon justice, despising and violating the rights of others whenever it could find occasion, the interest of human society would authorize all other nations to unite for its repression and chastisement. We do not forget the maxim laid down before, that it appertains not to nations to set themselves up as judges one of another. In particular cases, susceptible of the least doubt, it is to be supposed that both parties may be somewhat in the right; the injustice of the offending party may arise from error, and not from wholesale contempt of justice. But if, by constant maxims, by a sustained course of conduct, a nation evidently exhibits itself in this pernicious state of mind, if no right is sacred to it, then the safety of the human race demands its repression. To frame and sustain an unjust claim is merely to do injury to the party whom the claim interests; to make a mock of justice in general is to injure all nations.”—*Ibid.* Book ii., chap. 5.

M. Auguste Comte, on the *Doctrines of Nationality and Non-Intervention*.—“Finally, the general spirit of the revolutionary metaphysics manifests itself in an essentially analogous manner when we consider also the critical doctrine with regard to international relations. In this last aspect, the systematic negation of all true organization is certainly neither less absolute nor less evident. The necessity of order being, in this case, much more equivocal and more concealed, one may remark, accordingly, that the absence of all regulating power has been here more naïvely proclaimed than in regard to anything else. By the political extinction of the ancient spiritual power, the fundamental principle of the unlimited liberty of conscience could not but determine the spontaneous dissolution of that European order the maintenance of which constituted directly the most natural attribute of the papal authority. The metaphysical notions of national independence and national isolation, and, by consequence, of mutual non-intervention, which notions were at first nothing more than the abstract and formal expression of this transitory state of affairs, necessarily presented, still more evidently than in internal politics, that absolute character, without which they would then have failed of their principal object, and without which they will always essentially fail of it even now, until such time as the sufficient manifestation of the new social order shall reveal the law according to which the various nations ought to be

finally reassociated. Until then, every effort at European coördination, being inevitably directed by the ancient system, will really tend to this monstrous result—the subordination of the politics of the most advanced peoples to the politics of the nations the least advanced, and which, as such, having conserved the ancient system in the state of least decomposition, will find themselves thus naturally placed at the head of any such association. One cannot, therefore, too highly appreciate the admirable energy with which the French nation has at last, by so many heroic sacrifices, conquered the indispensable right of changing at pleasure its internal policy, without subjecting itself to the least dependence on powers without. This systematic isolation constitutes evidently a preliminary condition of the eventual political regeneration, since, on any other hypothesis, the various nations, despite their unequal progress, must have been simultaneously reorganized—a thing which would be certainly chimerical, notwithstanding that the crisis is at bottom homogeneous everywhere. But it remains no less incontestable, under this as under preceding heads, that the revolutionary metaphysics, by consecrating forever this absolute spirit of exclusive nationality, tends directly to impede at the present time the development of the social reorganization, deprived as this is of one of its principal features. In this sense, such a conception, could it prevail indefinitely, would result in causing modern politics to retrograde beyond the politics of the middle age, and this at the very epoch when, in virtue of a similarity every day more intimate and complete, the different civilized nations are necessarily called on to form finally an association at once more extensive and more regular than that which was formerly superficially achieved by the catholic and feudal system. Thus, in this respect, as well as in others; the metaphysical theory of politics, after serving its indispensable office in preparing the definitive evolution of modern society, will constitute moreover, by its blind and unmeasured application, a direct obstacle to the real accomplishment of this great movement, by representing it as indefinitely restricted to a purely transitory phase, already sufficiently gone through.”

—*Comte. Système de Philosophie Positive. Vol. iv., pp. 66—68.*

The Society of the Friends of Italy on the Doctrine of Non-Intervention.—“The principle of non-intervention in the affairs of other nations is a product of the negative and purely critical spirit of the last century. It was originally a useful and righteous protest against the lust of conquest and the appetite for war which had till then characterized the activity of Europe. As such, it was a step in advance, a real step in the intellectual progress of the human race. . . . We still see many in whose minds the principle has worked itself out to just and liberal conclusions; but, upon the whole, a huge confusion has fallen upon the intelligence of the nations, and, by the principle of non-intervention, it has come to be understood that the European arrangement of 1815 shall not be altered except by the diplomatists who made it. So atrocious a perversion is this of the original meaning of the principle, and to such flagrant enormities has it led on the continent, that thinking men there have begun to hate the very phrase non-intervention, and to wish that it were, for a time at least, dismissed from the language of mankind. . . . In the first place, it has to be observed of this principle of non-interference, that the very

terms in which it is put forth necessarily presuppose something, take something for granted. When it is said that the true ‘principle of the mutual relations of nations is the principle of non-intervention,’ a state of things is pre-supposed in which all the due conditions of nationality have been attended to. It is between certain things called nations that the principle of non-intervention is to hold; the principle is not to take effect except on the supposition that the parties concerned are distinct nations. . . . Again, surely, when the rule of non-interference is set up as the rule of political relationship between states, it is implied that this rule shall be absolute. In other words, the same theory which proclaims non-interference as the first law of international politics, must include, as a secondary law, the right of interference to make good all prior infractions of the law of non-interference. . . . After all, it begins to be felt that, even understood in its fairest sense, the doctrine of non-intervention between states and nations is poor and incomplete. It begins to be felt, that, not only is every nation entitled to a free and independent life, but also that there are bonds of international duty binding all the nations of the earth together. It begins to be felt, that if on any spot of the world, even within the limits of an independent nation, some glaring wrong should be done, casting a blight it might be over a populous area of many square miles, and sending up a cause of offence towards heaven, then other nations are not absolved from all concern in the matter, simply because there may intervene between them and the scene of the wrong, seas, tracts of continent, and traditional diplomatic courtesies. It begins to be felt, that, in some way or another, nations should exert an influence on the general affairs of the world, proportionate, nay, ostensibly proportionate, not merely to their numbers, but also to their intrinsic merits and their capacity for acting nobly; and, further, that this necessity becomes greater, and the likelihood of meeting it more determined, as the increase of our means for locomotion and for intercommunication between lands is reducing our earth to a more manageable compass, and making its inhabitants more conscious of their being but one family.”

—*Tract on Non-intervention.*

Kossuth on Non-intervention.—“It is not long ago that a great association—the Peace Society—had a meeting here in London. Humanity greets the existence of that society with hope. We will have peace, but a lasting and true peace, not oppression, slavery. Now this association has proclaimed the principle of non-intervention. Could there be found a single man in the world to give such an interpretation to this principle of non-interference, that, whatever the Czar of Russia, or his satellite Hapsburg, should do with mankind and humanity, England would not care for it? This is not non-interference; this is a letter of marque given to the Czar to become the master of the world. The principle of non-interference, proclaimed even by the Peace Association, has this meaning:—Every nation is free to dispose of its domestic concerns according as it is willing; and England should not interfere, and no foreign power should dare to interfere, with this sovereign right of the nation. Oppressed humanity expects England to execute and safeguard this divine principle.”

—*Speech in the City of London, Oct. 30th, 1851.*

“Interference with the sovereign right of nations to resist oppression, and to alter their institutions, their government, is a violation of the law

of nations, a violation of the laws of nature, and of nature's God; therefore, non-interference is a duty common to every power, to every nation, and placed under the safeguard of every power, of every nation. He who violates that law is like a pirate; every power on earth has the duty to chase him down—the pirate—that curse of humanity. Well, there is not a single man in the United States who would hesitate to avow that a pirate must be chased down, and no man would more rapidly avow it than the gentlemen of trade. Your naval forces are—they must be—instructed to put down piracy where they meet it; for this purpose you know no geographical line, no difference of longitude and latitude, no difference of European and American waters. . . . Now, in the name of all that is agreeable to God and sacred to man, if every man is ready thus to unite in the outcry against a rover, who, at the danger of his own life, boards some frail ship, murders some poor sailors, or takes some bales of cotton—is there no hope to see a similar universal outcry against those great pirates who board, not some small cutters, but the beloved homes of nations; who murder, not some few sailors, but nations; who shed blood, not by drops, but by torrents; who rob, not some hundred-weights of merchandise, but the freedom, independence, welfare, and the very existence of nations? . . . Almighty God! what a pitiful sight! A miserable pickpocket, a drunken highway-robber, chased by the whole of humanity to the gallows; and those who pickpocket the life-sweat of nations, rob them of their welfare, their liberty, and murder them by thousands—these execrable criminals raise proudly their brow, trample upon humanity, and degrade humanity's laws before their high reverential name, and term them 'most sacred majesties.'—*Speech to the members of the New York Bar, Dec. 19, 1851: reported in "Daily News" of Jan. 2, 1852.*

These extracts, while they present in a concise form the generalities that are and have been current respecting the fundamental principles of international law, present at the same time, in a manner more clear than could be attained by any dissertation, a view of the historical development of these principles.

First, for example, we have Cicero, an able and honorable man of the Roman empire, affirming in its highest and most captivating form, the principle on which that empire was based, the famous principle, "*Romanus sum; nihil humani a me alienum puto*;" the principle, in short, not of non-interference and national isolation, but of national solidarity and the universal interference of the wiser and stronger. We find him affirming this principle in such a way that, though we perceive how easily a bad turn might be given to it, we are compelled to agree with him; mentally reserving, as we have no doubt Cicero himself did, certain guarantees for the maintenance of essential national liberties. The allusion to the labors of Hercules has a fine and subduing effect; and we feel, as by a kind of instinct, that there is a strict justice in the comparison of that policy which would prescribe for great and civilized nations a roving mission of science and benevolence over the face of the earth, to the spirit in which the mythic hero, whom the ancients deified, crossed seas and chains of mountains to undertake impossible labors and annihilate whatever was monstrous. Between the theory of the Ciceronian saying and that which pervades the extracts from Vattel, there is an interval of cen-

turies. The empire of the Romans had passed away, and with it that faith in the providential supremacy of a single nation on which it was founded, and which it fostered into high and beautiful forms in superior Roman minds. The Germanic invasions had acted as a dissolving ingredient, separating the population of the old empire into variously-constituted fragments and morsels. The Catholic church, content with its own successes in establishing uniformity of ecclesiastical organization, had confirmed and sanctioned by its authority the political mapping-out of Europe into parts, anathematizing the violators of sacred territorial limits, and discouraging, when it could not prevent, such efforts as were from time to time made for the reconstruction of a European empire; and though, under the changed guise given to it by feudalism and chivalry, the imperial impulse did transmit itself through a series of military chiefs and kings—Theodorics, Charlemagnes, German Fredericks, and English Edwards—its achievements were confined to temporary conquests and consolidations, of limited extent, by no means comparable in the political order to the triumphs of the papacy in the spiritual. This system, too, however, passed away; Catholicism and feudalism lost their hold on the most advanced portion of mankind; and the intellect of the human race began to occupy itself in speculations, all of which were characterized more or less by a spirit of protest, as well against that localized spiritual supremacy which sought to dictate how men everywhere should think, as against that habit of military activity which had distracted the industry of men from their own homes and fields and neighborhoods. Then arose, one by one, those multitudinous abstractions and metaphysical definitions relating to the arrangements of human affairs, with which the science of politics is still crowded; the rights of men, liberty of conscience, the sovereignty of the people. European society, no longer dominated by any palpable and visible incarnation of authority, such as the papacy or monarchy by divine right, was placed under the safeguard of these and similar logical generalizations. To each abstraction was assigned some one specific function in the conduct of the social movement, that function being in general the mere negation of some error in the social administration of the past. Thus to "liberty of conscience" was assigned the task of putting down all relics of papal intolerance in the intellectual world; while on all attempts to revive feudal tyranny or the practice of personal and irresponsible lordship, the phrase "sovereignty of the people" was appointed to descend as the appropriate hammer. So, too, for the defence of the international equilibrium against the lust of conquest, by which it had so frequently been disturbed, there was provided, or rather proclaimed in a new form, the doctrine of absolute national independence or national inviolability, with its correlative of non-intervention. The theory of international relations thus arrived at is admirably represented in the lucubrations of Vattel.

How inadequate, however, the theory was to deal with the facts of the actual world may be inferred both from the circumstance that somehow or other wars and conquests continued to take place notwithstanding, and from the circumstance that Vattel himself, as the extracts we have made from him amply show, was obliged to append to all his affirmations of the non-interference doctrine, large exceptions or limitations arising from a latent

reference to a doctrine very like the contrary. Still the doctrine, with the other generalizations of the same political philosophy, did great and good work; and nations in some degree learnt the art of letting each other alone. The reappearance of the spirit of conquest in Napoleon; and the series of international feuds and national disasters and bankruptcies to which it gave rise, only tended to rivet more deeply in the minds of political thinkers the faith in non-interference and its virtues. In England especially, where there was a natural accord between this doctrine and the physical insularity of the people, as well as between it and those economical tendencies which have since issued in what may be termed Cobdenism, the doctrine obtained noted favor. To mind our own affairs, and not to concern ourselves with the conduct of our neighbors, and, above all, to keep clear of European revolutions, when such things happen, is the summary of that system of foreign politics which is most popular among our cultivated and commercial men. Whatever, by way of general philanthropic supplement, it has been thought necessary to add to this system, to deprive it of its unquestionable aspect of narrowness and selfishness when stated nakedly, has come out of those peace society speculations which aver so strenuously the contagious power of good example, the beneficent influence of commerce, the tremendous effects of telegraphs and railways in establishing a fraternity among the nations, and the unconquerable might of books, newspapers, and ideas.

Meanwhile, abroad, and among thinkers of the largest range, speculation has taken another step in advance. Confessing the great services rendered, in times recently past, by the doctrines of national independence and mutual non-interference, as by all the other doctrines of the critical or negative school—nay, allowing to these doctrines a certain permanent value, could they be adjusted so as to suit positive facts—they are disposed to regard the excessive prominence of such doctrines in the public mind, and the absolute terms in which they are conceived and expressed, as circumstances calculated now to impede the progress of society towards a point of higher civilization than it has hitherto attained. We are arrived at that stage, they think, when the notions that should be occupying the public mind ought not to be notions of national independence and isolation, but notions of national intercommunion, and government on common principles. European society has too long, they think, remained in that condition of decomposition into morsels and fragments to which it was reduced by the infusion of the disorganizing barbaric ingredient; and the thoughts of men ought now to be directed to the acceleration of that time when the whole civilized earth shall acknowledge the directing power of one extensive organization, not patched up out of relics of the papacy and military feudalism, but representing the real beliefs and the real tendencies of our age.

One of the most conspicuous expositors of this theory of international politics is M. Auguste Comte, whose general views on the subject may be gathered from the extract we have given from his principal work. And lastly, as representing the practical difficulties of the whole question—the respect which people still feel themselves obliged to accord to the non-intervention principle; and the decided perception that they have, at the same time, that this principle is naught unless it is placed under the safeguard of some principle

higher, more general, and in effect directly contrary—as representing this, we have those splendid orations of M. Kossuth, in which, after having been foiled on the narrower ground of eastern Europe by the combined forces of Austria and Russia, he appeals the question of Hungarian independence to the whole inhabited earth, and especially to the Anglo-Saxon portions of it. To us, perhaps, the most remarkable of M. Kossuth's many and extraordinary qualities is the depth and generality of those purely intellectual conclusions on which his political aims are based; and seeing that, in his speculations on the duty of other nations towards oppressed Hungary, he seems to think both with Comte and Vattel, it appears by no means improbable that the question of Hungary will become in his hands the means of initiating a new international spirit and policy over the whole world. Kossuth, notwithstanding his immediate doctrine is the doctrine of nationality, is probably the first of a series of new statesmen yet to abound, whose theatre of action will be not this or that single territory, but the entire area of civilization.

In this historical sketch of the progress of the theory of international relations, there figure, it will be perceived, two ideas, the reconciliation of which constitutes the whole problem—the idea of nationality, and the idea of international duty, or, as it is now expressed, of the solidarity of peoples; the idea so prominent in Vattel, and so much insisted on at the present day, and the old Roman idea now again rising into just importance. Never at any time has either idea entirely disappeared, though the one has sometimes fallen, and the other risen, in repute. Every Roman statesman retained in his mind the fact of diverse nationalities in the empire, the maintenance of whose organization was the business of his life; and no modern statesman, even of the English economic school, has been able, even in thought, to isolate the politics of his own country from the politics of other nations. Let us attend, for a little, more carefully to the two conceptions that have thus rolled on together in the mind of the human race.

The idea of nationality, of a distinct life or organism implanted in each mass of human beings presenting in common certain characteristics and united by certain bonds separating them from others, is an idea as old as history itself. The ingredients, which seem from the first to have entered necessarily into the conception of what constituted a separate nation, were such as these—a fixed territory, a common language, obvious similarity of physical traits, a common system of worship, a certain community of habits, institutions, and traditions, and the belief in a common descent. Wherever these circumstances, or a certain number of them, were united, the mass of human beings thus marked out regarded itself as a nation, invested with a special personality, and with certain corresponding rights, the chief of which was the right of self-defence against the encroachments of all other nations. It is true that, contemporary with this notion of nationality in the early history of our race, and even in some cases clearly antecedent to it, we discover the subordinate notions of the gens, clan, city, or tribe; and on this fact the theory may be based that the idea of nationality, being nothing more than a generalization gradually reached at that particular stage of social progress where the minor conceptions of the clan, tribe, or city, became insufficient for political purposes, will necessarily itself fade as political

effort begins to sweep in still larger circles. There is something altogether peculiar, however, indicating a more essential and enduring historic function, in the tenacity with which the mind of man has clung to the idea of national independence. All language, all song, all tradition, is full of testimony to the glory of this principle. Among all the qualities that have made men heroic, and handed down their names to the love and admiration of succeeding times, none has played so large a part as the *amor patriæ*. Successful patriots, such as the Tells and Wallaces of history, occupy the foremost niches in the gallery of the dead great; and even for unsuccessful patriots, such as the Vercingetorixes and the Saxon Harolds, the instinct of all men reserves a meed of affectionate praise. To fight for one's country, and to die for one's country, even were the country the most miserable piece of God's earth, and the most wretchedly conditioned as to civil rule, and were the threatening invader the most beneficent and humane of all possible Cæsars, is a course of action to which universal opinion has affixed the epithet of just and honorable. There is more than homely humor in the sentiment of Burns:—

The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a clout may fall in 't;
But deil a foreign tinker loon
Shall ever ca' a nail in 't.

That the Russian serfs should have obeyed the call of the Czar Alexander, and resisted the invasion of Bonaparte, preceded as it was by promises of emancipation and what not, was a finer moral sight than the contrary would have been; and were the British merchant sailors, of whom Mr. Mayhew has told us, to refuse to fight for Great Britain, on the ground that they could have no interest in fighting for a country whose treatment of them and their class was so bad, there are few that would not consent, in the presence of the actual emergency, to see them shot as traitors. The world has not yet, at least, arrived at that stage when faithlessness to the national organism, be it French, British, or Russian, of which one forms a part, and, above all, faithlessness to it on any grounds of personal interest, can be taken out of the category of crimes and infamies.

But while the function of the idea of nationality in the mind of the human race has been thus deep and enduring; while the world always has exhibited this division into separate organisms called nations; and while there is scarcely any symptom, as yet, notwithstanding Fourier and his phalanxes, that this system of division is likely soon to be superseded by any other—no student of history can avoid being struck by the fact that nations are most modifiable things, and that the whole past progress of the species has consisted in agonies inflicted on the principle of nationality.

If it be the design of the Maker and Ruler of the earth that the business of the human race should be conducted, in the general, by the spontaneous and coöperative action of a number of distinct national organisms, it is also clearly His will that these organisms should not be eternal and inviolable, but should be liable to change, reinvigoration, transplantation, decay, and even extinction. At no time since the world began has the principle of nationality been left at peace; at no time since the world began has a strict arrangement of the earth's population into masses calling themselves nations satisfied or reduced to acquiescence the universal

soul of the time. Still somewhere there has been a Cyrus, a Nebuchadnezzar, an Alexander the Great, or a Cæsar—a man or a people, charged, as we say, with a ruthless spirit of ambition and personal aggrandizement; charged, as a deeper philosophy would tell us, with a spirit answering, consciously or unconsciously, to a dumb necessity of the time—and the restlessness, the noble restlessness of this man or people, communicating itself to armies, legions, and fleets, has laughed at boundaries and frontiers, and flooded a score of nations at once with thoughts and institutions which all the twenty separately could never have excogitated. Now what we say is, that this spirit of conquest, ambition, interference, civilization on the large scale, or whatever we choose to call it, has been, though antagonistic to the principle of nationality, a necessary, because real, influence in the evolution of the human destinies up to the present moment. High popular instinct confirms this by admiring even those chiefs and leaders whose function it has been to put down patriots. It would be a poor spirit of historical appreciation that would consign Cæsar to infamy because he broke the heart of Vercingetorix; that could find nothing great in William the Norman, because his enterprise cost Harold his life, and drove Saxons out of their lands; or that could only reserve in their full proportion the claims of Wallace, to be accounted a hero, by degrading into sheer ruffianism the scheme of Edward I. for the annexation of Scotland to England. In short, if the spirit of nationality has served a noble function in the past, it has not been the sole spirit by which noble things have been brought to pass; for some of the grandest movements have occurred simply because it has been so arranged that the map of the nations shall be traversed from time to time by blasts from another and a more innovative spirit. Sometimes it has been the conquering activity of one national organism making large room for its own manifestations by aggression upon others proved to be inferior; sometimes it has been the deliberate intellect of a cultured Alexander meditating vast schemes of political organization, and using his nation to carry them out; sometimes it has been an inburst of Scythian barbarism in quest of food and rapine upon the cities and plains of decrepit civilization.

Amid all this, however, one must remark how inveterate the principle of nationality has been wherever it had once taken root, and how persistently the vital identity of nations has been preserved even when their component materials have been varied. This is true at least of all parts of the earth inhabited by the superior and historic races. In America and the islands of the Pacific, conquest has carried with it a decree of annihilation to the aborigines; in Europe and in Asia, so far as history enables us to judge, the most extensive conquests have resulted only in a modification greater or less of already existing organisms. The great races of Europe, we are now informed by those most competent to speak on the subject, inhabit, when regarded as wholes, very nearly the same regions that they possessed respectively three thousand years ago. And if in certain parts of the continent, particularly in the west and the south, where civilization has endured the longest, there have been disruptions, intrusions of new elements, infusions of new blood, still, even there, nationalities, once fairly adjusted to bold geographical and political conditions, have proved them-

selves all but indestructible. The Gaul of the Romans was still Gaul;—nor have all the subsequent Frankish infusions tamed the gay spirit of the Gallic lark. The old Iberian nationality has transmitted itself through Roman, and Gothic, and Moorish conquests into modern Spain. Italy drank in hordes of all nations—the Lombards last of all, without ceasing to be Italy. The inhabitants of Greece are still the Greek nation, though something of Slavic lineage is to be distinguished in the profiles of the men; nor where definite nationality had once planted itself on any fixed territory could even the powerful Norman do more than accommodate himself to it. Over every land once named and registered as a nation, there seems to have clung a spirit, a principle, a kind of blank form of category, capable of seizing and subduing to its service whatever materials might thereafter be placed upon that territorial theatre. Where the sentiment of nationality has once planted itself, it survives even change of race and change of language. The Scottish patriot, Wallace, was but a naturalized Norman, seized by the genius of the soil where his forefather had been a stranger; and Bruce was an Englishman by birth, whose father's Scottish connections overpowered his English ones. And thus, though the spirit of conquest has always appeared expressly as the antagonist of existing nationalities, as if it served a function in the rule of Providence not capable of being served by the idea of nationality alone, it would yet seem as if a large portion of the energy of this spirit expended itself habitually through this preestablished form of human association, either, on the one hand, by depositing fresh matter in the already existing national matrixes, or, on the other, by creating new nationalities where formerly there had been mere loose cohesions of tribes. All which would seem to prove, that, whatever ulterior organization may be destined to overspread the civilized earth, our way to it is through a prior organization according to separate nationalities. The empire of the Romans was an organization of multitudinous tribes with considerable nations here and there interspersed—it was as much, perhaps, an education of the idea of nationality as a triumph over it; but the empire of modern times must be an organization, after one method or another, of large national masses.

Such being the functions of the idea of nationality in the past, and such its promises for the future, no wonder that one of the most vehement demands of our times is for a sound national system in Europe. That Europe should be divided into states or governments, corresponding as nearly as possible with the national organisms which either exist or are in process of formation in it—such is the doctrine and aspiration of those thinkers who aim at a reconstruction of European society on positive scientific principles. In such a system the five western members would be Great Britain, France, Italy, Spain with Portugal, and Germany; in all of which the conditions of nationality obviously exist, and in only two of which, namely, Italy and Germany, do they require to be adjusted. With the rest of Europe there would be greater difficulty; but a decision according to the lights thrown on the subject by ethnology, and by the spontaneous movements going on among the people of these regions, would probably yield the following as the most likely members of the European confederacy—the Scandinavian peninsula; Russia proper;

Poland; two other Slavonic groups, embracing the Slavonians now subject to Austria and the Turks; Hungary; and Greece. The problem of what would have to be done with the smaller fragments of population omitted in this enumeration, would be solved in the very process of forming the nationalities. Austria, of course, being not a reality in nature, but only the name for a system of rule holding diverse fragments of nationalities forcibly together, would be altogether eliminated—her German subjects attaching themselves to Germany. It would be a condition, too, to the perfection of this arrangement, that in each state the internal government should be purely popular or democratic, at once an expression and an organ of the character, beliefs, and tendencies of the universal people of that state. The natural mode in which this would be realized would be, that all the states thus formed should be or become republics.

Such, in brief outline, is the view of those who lead and shape the present democratic opinion of Europe. So far as we know, the man in whose mind these, or at least similar views, hold the largest place, and constitute most emphatically a fixed political faith, is the Italian Mazzini. The first and most immediate aim of this man—the aim to the accomplishment of which he felt himself called in his youth, and to which, with the most tenacious persistency, he has consecrated his life, is the emancipation and unification of Italy, the calling into actual and operative existence that Italian nationality which always has existed potentially, but which force and fraud have depressed and overlaid. And the necessary form which this purpose has assumed in his mind is, that Italy should be governed by the people of Italy. For him, Italian nationality is synonymous with the unity and autocratic power of the Italian people. But, having once laid down in his mind these generalities, suggested to him by the state of his own country, he has not restricted their application to it. On the same principles on which he demands free and independent existence for the nationality of Italy, and on which he identifies this existence with the political supremacy in Italy of the Italian people—on the same principles, he avers that all the rest of Europe must be organized according to real nationalities, each nationality coinciding with the democratic unity of a distinct people. And this extension of his views it is that adds to his character as a noble Italian patriot, the more expressive, but, at the same time, as some would think, more formidable and assailable reputation—of being an original chief and thinker in the ranks of general democracy. Hence the signature of his name to those addresses to Poles, Roumains, Illyrians, and other nationalities, both known and uncouth, which appear, from time to time, under the auspices of a European democratic committee, in our democratic newspapers. To those who are capable of perceiving the definite intellectual preconceptions on which these appeals rest, they will, whether assented to individually or not, convey a powerful impression of speculative largeness.

It is a natural consequence of this protest of the formal democratic thinkers against the existing partition of Europe, and of this demand of theirs for a new partition according to nationalities, that the true principles of international relationship should be declared by them to be, in the mean time, in abeyance. These principles can hold, they say, only

between nations, properly so called, only between those collective organisms which possess true national life, with all its qualities and rights. The application of such principles to an arrangement of states in which the laws of nationality are traversed can be at best but a matter of prudence. Thus, Austria being not a nation, but a network of force and diplomacy holding reluctant nationalities together, the laws of international morals have no necessary application to it. How Britain should act towards France or Russia is a question of international morals, France and Russia, as well as Britain, being real national organisms—real masses of the earth's population marked out from the rest by all the conditions of individual vitality. How Britain should act towards Austria can only be a question of another and more complex science—the science of inter-governmental or diplomatic expediency. In such a science, the doctrine of non-intervention might certainly have a place; but its place would necessarily be lower than in the science of international morals, for it could only then be expressed thus, "non-intervention for fear of worse," not "non-intervention on the ground of vital right."

Hence those who have faith in the ultimate reconstruction of Europe according to nationalities, are by no means disposed to make the application of the non-interference maxim to the present state of Europe absolute. In cases where states are already established on a national basis, they, of course, allow that the maxim should have full play; but, in other cases, not only do they call upon the oppressed nationalities individually to make good their right to free existence against the oppressing powers, whatever they are, but they preach a crusade of nationality for its own sake, and invite all peoples to unite, subject only to the precautions of common prudence, for the emancipation and defence of every people. If once the crusade were successful; if once Europe were laid out in just national masses, equipotent, or nearly so; nay, if once the genuine democratic impulse were so fairly communicated to the populations of Europe as to bring this result within view, then, they say, European society might, in a sense more splendid than can yet be conceived, be placed under the safeguard of those two companion principles—non-intervention and the solidarity of peoples. By the principle of non-intervention would be secured that continued flourishing existence of the various nationalities, side by side, which politicians have hitherto vainly attempted to express and guarantee by the formal crotchet of a balance of powers. While by the principle of solidarity, typified in some confederative organization, each nationality would be criticized, checked, and kept up to such a mark as the united intelligence of all might prescribe as the *sine qua non* of permissible independence, and all the nations together would contribute, according to their special faculties and tendencies, to the progressive evolution of humanity.

There is a considerable class of thoughtful men, however, with whom these speculations find little or no favor. They have little respect for the principle of nationality. This principle, in its modern sense, they say, has sprung out of the researches of Blumenbach and subsequent ethnologists, as to the variety of skulls, the variety of human types, to be found among the inhabitants of the globe; and whatever value there may be in those researches, they are not disposed to rear a system of political distribution upon them. There may be such a thing

as a Celtic type of head, but they do not see why the people who have this type of head, should be set apart as an aggregate with full and inviolable liberty to govern themselves according to the dictates of that type of head. On the contrary, whatever head, Celtic or Saxon, Negro or Caucasian, shows itself to have most sense and most capacity for governing, that head, they say, has a divine right to carry itself where it chooses, whether into the midst of heads like or of heads unlike itself, and to do its best to obtain the mastery. There is nothing, in their opinion, to object to in Austria, on the score of its being an empire of diverse nationalities kept together by an official centralization. There is nothing even to object to in the fact, *per se*, that Italy is in the possession of a government of foreigners. The only question they hold pertinent in such cases is—Do the men who exercise the power use it well or ill? Is the arrangement more effective for the purposes of good government than any other possible arrangement would be? If a woolly-headed negro from Ashantee came into Great Britain with a band of negro followers, and undertook the government of the country, the proper ground of condemnation, they hold, would be, not that he, a negro, came among us Britons, but that his mission in all probability would be a mission of brutality and harm. Were it clearly the reverse, then he might plant himself in Downing-street, and welcome! Not government, therefore, by separate and inviolable nationalities, but universal interference, by whatsoever man or people, shall be found to possess in the largest measure all the generic human faculties and virtues—this, they say, is the true rule. If the Austrians govern Italy better than the Italians would, let them keep Italy; if the Czar of Russia governs Poland better than the Poles could, let him keep Poland; if the Americans would make a better thing of Cuba than the Spaniards, let them annex Cuba. If there are different races and organisms on the earth, let each act, by its best specimens, unrestrictedly, or restricted only by common prudence, over the whole area; and as justice and right are one and invariable, so, in process of time, all men, Celts or Saxons, will be taught the genuine fashion of it.

It is needless to say, that the men who talk and feel so respecting the doctrines of nationality and non-interference, do not accept the democratic theory which usually goes along with them. Precisely as they authorize any nation more competent than other nations to assume the superiority over them, so, within the limits of any one nation, would they authorize any man, or body of men, more competent than others, to assume the place of rule. As they reject the theory of national inviolability, so they reject the theory of government by the people. Democracy, or despotism, it is the same to them; all they ask in either case is, that the power, whatever it is, shall mean and perform what is right. And it is in curious accordance with this, that the views they inculcate as to international policy find at the present moment almost equal practical advocacy at both extremities of the political world. The two powers in the world at present most conspicuously animated by the spirit which is directly opposed to the doctrine of non-interference with nationalities are—the despotic Czar of Russia on the one hand, and the democratic American people on the other. Both consider themselves to have a mission, extended indefinitely over the earth, a roving charter to act wherever they like. The Czar of Russia, representing, doubtless, the instinct

of the uneducated Slavonian myriads who call him lord, conceives himself charged with the task of putting down representative or parliamentary government wherever he can carry his influence, so as to subject those parts of the earth where it exists to a more definite and fixed supremacy, a more rigid and punctual order. Hence he crushes Poland; hence he aided Austria to trample down Hungary; hence everywhere throughout Europe his emissaries are at work, backing whatever form of individual rule will dare to make a stand against parliaments and newspapers. The American people, on the other hand, conceives itself charged with the directly opposite task of extending everywhere its own spirit and institutions. Hence its annexations of Texas and Mexico; hence its attempt on Cuba, which, though repudiated by the government, was a genuine American act, and will some day be repeated; hence already its dreams of an ultimate occupation, by the absorption or extinction of impeding populations, Spanish or Indian, of the whole American hemisphere. Hence, also, in contradiction to the advices bequeathed to it by its early statesmen, its growing eagerness to interfere with the affairs of the old world.

Thus, therefore, both in the speculation and the practice of the times in which we live, we see the antagonism of the two principles which we discover as having jointly conducted the past development of our race, and in both of which we recognized historic value—the principle of nationality impelling national organisms to preserve themselves intact; and the principle of conquest, of empire, of annexation, impelling all men, all powers, all nations, to make their influence go as far as it can. How devise the needed reconciliation? How allow for all that is just and true in the theory of a world mapped out according to nationalities—and that there is much of just and true in theory all who have a scientific acquaintance with the doctrine of races will admit; and at the same time, extract what is valuable from the very rough ore of the contrary theory—ore so rough as to be fit only to knock a gainsayer down—and coin the same into propositions fit to be carried in the British pocket, and used in the international exchange? Difficult, indeed, the answer to such a question; difficult, indeed, to lay down *à priori*, the conditions of just war or just peace! Easier far would it be to judge of each particular case as it is submitted—an American invasion of Cuba, or a French invasion of Italy—than to frame generalities to include all cases. Here it is that your Vattels and Puffendorfs fail. Kossuth well called politics “a science of exigencies;”—the exact exigency must be given, before the exact rule can be determined. Yet generalities there must be in this department as in others; for here, as in other departments, the intellect of man performs its destined work only in so far as it continually frames propositions. And here Kossuth himself shall be our new Vattel. Let us see what are his views in respect to the doctrines of nationality and non-interference.

In regard to the doctrine of nationality, Kossuth seems to hold a view intermediate between that of the extreme advocates of this doctrine, and that of those who undervalue it. His cause being a national one, he distinctly ranks himself on the side of those who believe that Providence has assigned rights of independent life and action to those organisms which men call nations. But he does not adopt so strictly as some others the ethnographical definition of a nation. In one of his

American speeches, he distinctly repudiated the idea that national boundaries must coincide with the boundaries of race. Such a notion, he said, would disturb every state in Europe, were it made absolute. France would have to give up Alsatia and part of her Rhenish territories; Great Britain would have the Welsh, the Irish, and the Scotch Highlanders clamoring for petty nationalities, to the distraction of her obvious unity; and in every other country something similar would take place. A man's nation, therefore, according to Kossuth, is not the seat of that portion of the human species to which ethnologists teach him that he belongs; it is that territory, that system of institutions, in which, by the determination of an irrevocable past, he has been appointed to grow up, in the midst of which he has passed his life, and the spirit of which has incorporated itself with his thoughts and being. Wherever there is a principle of collective life and action, be it compounded of what ingredients it will, there, according to Kossuth, is a distinct nation.

It is easy to see how the circumstances of his own country, including, as it does, Slovacks, Croats, and Roumains in one nationality with Magyars, must have influenced this conclusion. It is more important to remark, however, that the conclusion, by whatever process it was formed, brings Kossuth nearer the society of those, who, acknowledging the factitiousness of nations, their liability to be modified and recast by historic influences emanating from principles superior to nationality, are disposed to accept, as obligatory *de facto*, the present arrangement of Europe into states. Instead of proposing a new scheme for the equilibrium of Europe, based on a partition of its inhabitants into nearly equipotent masses, Kossuth would let the map of Europe remain very much as it is, and adapt his international rules to the actual congeries of states. Even as regards Austria, his faith might consistently enough have originally been, that this empire, purely factitious as it was, a mere creation of political revolution and ingenuity, availing itself of accidents, was yet to be accepted in Europe as a *bonâ fide* organism, undergoing a process of growth, and which time, by accustoming men's minds to it, and connecting numerous and powerful associations with it, might ripen into a valuable political entity of a class superior to that of ordinary nations. So, also, with regard to Austrian rule in Lombardy, it would not have been altogether inconsistent with his view of the sufficiency of mere fact, if long enough in operation to create a new form of collective national life out of even reluctant materials—this having been the process by which the Hungarian nationality itself was formed—if he had expressed his willingness to see the Austrians retain Lombardy, stipulating only for their just government of it on fixed constitutional principles. There would have been no absolute contradiction, we say, between either of these suppositions, and the belief in the principle of nationality as Kossuth understands it.

But events were such as to render either supposition utterly impossible. By breaking the fundamental pact with Hungary, Austria became to the Hungarian patriot, not a new political organism including the nationality of Hungary intact, as a large circle includes a smaller; but a power with which the nationality he loved could not coëxist. And so, also, the nature of the Austrian rule in Lombardy made it but too clear that it was not to that influence that any liberal man could consent to

entrust the formation of a nationality in northern Italy. But with these, and, perhaps, one or two other exceptions, Kossuth, so far as we see, would accept the actual states, or nations *de facto*, of Europe, as nations also *de jure*. We are not aware that he would even disturb the political tenure of the Turks; certainly, at least, he would not dismember Hungary to satisfy the national tendencies of the different Slavonian groups which it includes. One circumstance which makes this disposition of his to conserve existing political divisions more genial even to those who define nationality differently, is the importance attached by him to local or municipal, as distinct from general, government. If men in their own neighborhoods and districts possessed large administrative rights, there would, of course, be far less reluctance on the part of a population composed of different materials to coalesce in one nationality, and to regard nationality itself as consisting rather in a unity of collective forces anyhow impressed, than in a unity of language or lineage. And, for the same reason, men of the more pronounced democratic school would find it natural to estimate as of less importance also, that other difference of his mode of thinking from theirs, which consists in his comparative indifference as to forms of government. As to Hungary and Italy, his conviction is firm and decided that they must be republics—that being the form of government which an examination of the exigencies of those countries points out as indispensable for them. Generally, also, his belief is, that society tends to this form. But precisely as he believes that nationalities are to some extent factitious things, that is, determined by events as well as by inherent qualities of race, so also he believes in the factitiousness of forms of government. Whatever form of government has been created for a nation by the *ensemble* of its past history, and possesses the confidence of those who live under it, he is content to acknowledge that government, whether expressly popular or not, as the proper representative of the nation in its dealings with other nations.

It is a consequence of this greater appreciation by Kossuth of the value of what may be called the factitious element in history, in determining both national boundaries and forms of government, that he accepts the non-interference principle more cordially than some of the democratic leaders with whom he coöperates, and would subject it to fewer limitations in its application to the present state of Europe. The democratic advocates of a reconstruction of Europe according to radically distinct and nearly equipotent nationalities, necessarily, as we have already pointed out, keep the non-intervention principle in abeyance, as a principle not applicable to an arrangement of states in which the laws of nationality, as they define nationality, are glaringly traversed.

The first exception, therefore, which they would make to the doctrine of non-interference, as a doctrine of present application, would be, as we have seen, a reservation of the right of interference in behalf of their theory of nationality. That, only, according to them, is a true *nation*, which unites in itself these two characters—ethnic distinctness from all others, and a genuine democratic form of government. Hence, in abstract theory at least, they would reserve for all real nations a right of universal propaganda, and even, on emergency, of active interference, in behalf either of territorial readjustment on scientific principles, or of popular government. Sometimes the latter reservation is

separated from the former. Thus the more resolute democrats of France used to maintain that France had a roving mission against aristocracy and monarchy, and in behalf of peoples all over the world. It was a symbol of this when, in the revolution of 1848, they wished to raise the red flag instead of the tricolor; and many of them yet trace all the subsequent disasters of the reaction to this faithlessness of France, in the person of Lamartine, to her mission of revolutionary propaganda over the oppressed parts of the continent. So, also, the Americans have now taken up the belief that the democratic initiative, the right of interference in behalf of popular government and institutions, belongs to them. There is no evidence, however, that Kossuth assents to this view. On the contrary, accepting such nations and such forms of government as exist *de facto*, he would place them all equally under the safeguard of the principle of mutual non-interference. Let the Turks or the Russians, he would say, as well as the French or the Hungarians, preserve the territories they have; and let whatever modifications may be necessary for the improved administration of these countries come not from active propaganda from without, but from internal agitation stimulated by advice and example. If he would except Poland and Italy from this rule, it would be solely because the factitious process of foreign domination by which nationalities are often formed, has not in these cases advanced so far as to be venerable or irrevocable. The Russians may be chased from Poland, and the Austrians from Lombardy, without any laceration of the heartstrings of humanity. But it is physically impossible, as it would be morally ruinous, to extract the Magyar from Hungary, or the Norman from England. The Turks, perhaps, might go without being much missed; but, on the whole, they had better be let stay. Whatever shows the semblance of a root ought to be held sacred.

But, though Kossuth does not accept this trenchant limitation of the doctrine of non-interference, and so entertains the doctrine almost in the exact form in which statesmen in England, and in other moderate countries, profess to apply it to the actual map of Europe, there are other limitations to which, in common with every man of ordinary intelligence and goodness, he must peremptorily subject it. These limitations, we think, may be summed up under two heads.

I. *The law of non-interference shall not hold in the case of any nation which clearly and habitually outrages, within itself, any fundamental and sacred principle of human existence.* We are not aware that Kossuth has expressed his assent to any such maxim; but we do not see how any man, not enslaved by the most wretched metaphysics, can avoid assenting to it. Vattel, indeed, seems to refuse his assent, taking Grotius to task, as we have seen, for withholding the absolute right of independent government from even a cannibal nation. Our whole heart, in this case, is against Vattel, and with Grotius; and we would willingly abandon that other right of interference which Vattel does allow—namely, the right of surrounding nations to interfere in the case of a nation distracted by civil war—for the more important right of interference which he here excludes. Indeed, the one right includes all that is necessary in the other. True, any such definition of right as that which we have given is liable to manifest abuse, opening a door, as Vattel says, to fanaticism and conquest.

But this no more affects the propriety of laying down the principle formally than the abuse of the law for the disqualification of lunatics annuls the necessity of having such a law. We affirm, that a nation which by such conduct shows itself to be *non compos*, equally with an individual in that state, may be justly put under restraint.

The correct interpretation of this principle would give the true rule of procedure in that much discussed matter, the relation of civilized states to the uncivilized parts of the earth. It would be, as all must feel, a most preposterous stretch of the non-interference principle that should lay an arrest on that spirit of enterprise which prompts and directs the colonization of savage islands and territories by energetic and cultured races. Nor, though all founders of colonies were Penns or Cobdens, obtaining their lands by goodwill, and the payment of knives and cloths, would it be possible to conduct colonization on any honest and presentable interpretation of the principle of non-interference.

A more complex and difficult consideration of the same kind would be the proper procedure of such a people as the British among the native populations of such a land as India. And more difficult still would be the treatment of culprits among the coördinate nations. In certain cases, indeed, the universal instinct would suggest at once what ought to be done. If, for example, in any Mohammedan country there were a massacre of the Christian part of the population; or if, in any Roman Catholic country, there were a massacre of the Protestants, all the metaphysics on earth could not make it right in the other nations to stand by and not interfere. Hence the admiration so generally accorded to Cromwell for his peremptory order to the Piedmontese government to stop their persecutions of the Vaudois Christians under pain of a severe chastisement. Nor would it be an extravagant stretch of the same rule to declare that conduct such as that of the Neapolitan government towards political prisoners rendered it amenable to the bar of other nations. The idea is even gaining ground that liberty of speech is one of those general human liberties which should be placed under the safeguard of mankind at large; and hence that if in any nation this liberty is systematically trampled out, if in any nation the great masterpieces of the world's genius are prohibited to the people, and an arrest laid upon all free intellectual development, then, in the name of outraged humanity, the government of that nation is to be solemnly outlawed, and given over to whosoever chooses to strike it. Mr. Savage Landon's suggestion for the emancipation of Europe is in accordance with this. Why, he says, not hire an American vessel and crew, and send them to one of those island-fortresses where Poerio and his companions are confined, with an order to blow the infamy to pieces? Such an enterprise, he says, would be but the work of an hour or two; and such an enterprise several times repeated, under the sanction of the American people, would do more to put an end to the enormities of despotism than years and years of diplomatic remonstrance. And the Americans have taken the hint. They already anticipate the time, it is said, when their war-steamers shall be sailing in the Mediterranean, planting the flag of liberty on all coasts, and when keen Yankee captains, charged with a definite errand, shall pace with their hats on, the blood-stained floors of Bourbon palaces.

II. *That nation, or that government, is to be*

exempted from the rule of non-interference which itself shamelessly and systematically sets this rule at naught, by violating the just liberties of other nations; or, in other words, the same theory which lays down non-interference as the primary law of international relations, must carry with it, as a secondary law, the right of interference to make good all infractions of the law of non-interference. This is the limitation of the law of non-interference most emphatically insisted on by Kossuth; and there can be but one opinion as to its necessity and justice. The very meaning of the word law is, that at some point or other force will step in; take away altogether the appeal to force, and there is no such thing as law. When it is said "Thou shalt not murder," the meaning is, that when murder is committed, certain consequences are appointed to follow; and so when it is said "Thou shalt not interfere," the meaning is, that when interference take place, the offender shall be interfered with. To make a law and not to administer the appointed consequences on its infraction is either to declare the law defective, or to confess inability to execute it. To set up, therefore, the doctrine of non-intervention between nations, and then to permit one or another nation to interfere as it pleases, is either folly or weakness. All authorities, Vattel and the legists included, recognize the right of nations to restrain, punish, and chase down any one of their number that flagrantly and deliberately commits acts of piracy on the liberty of others. *Pirate*, as Kossuth has said, is the exact word for such a case. The nation, or government, that, condemning assigned laws and boundaries, sends its fleets and its armies hither and thither to spoil and rob the liberties of others, is a pirate and outlaw; and, as it is against all mankind, all mankind is bound to be against it. When the government of France sent an army to put down liberty in Rome, every nation in the world sustained an outrage; and every nation in the world had a right to call France to account. The actual exercise of the right was but a question of prudence, of self-interest, at the moment. Russia, however, is the arch-pirate. Russia, among all the nations, is the one that most openly, most insolently, and most indefatigably violates the laws of national existence. Poland and Hungary are but two of her prizes; the whole civilized earth is open to her robberies. It is against Russia, therefore, that Kossuth, and with him all men of free spirit, invoke the penalties of the violated law of nations. "Give not to the Czar of Russia a letter of marque to put down the liberties of nations," such is the sum and substance of Kossuth's speeches; such the one invariable form of appeal which he addresses to the population of the civilized earth, and especially to the Anglo-Saxon portions of it.

The two limitations of the law of non-interference which we have thus stated, constitute together what may be called the negative part of the doctrine and practice of the solidarity of peoples. An exposition of the various positive duties which this doctrine would include, would lead us into new and too extensive fields. Let us only allude in particular to one function which would fall to be provided for in any system of international arrangements for giving effect to the doctrine—a function quite as important, in our view, though more recondite in its nature, than some which will immediately suggest themselves. In any system of international arrangements conceived for the purpose of giving practical effect to the doctrine of the solidarity of peoples, there would, of course,

be provisions for an organized study by all nations of social problems common to them all; for the arbitration of international disputes; and for the simultaneous education of nations in new principles of progress, and their simultaneous use of new inventions. A great part of the available force of such a system, however, would have to be devoted expressly to a function which we will call *the regulation of the factitious influence in history*. We have seen that in history, apart from the normal influence of nationalities, or already determined organisms, each working steadily within fixed limits, there has always operated another, and apparently antagonistic influence, originating in human restlessness, and manifesting itself in outrages, invasions, readjustments of nationalities. This spirit, this factitious influence, as we call it, this energy of new and ever new political invention, can never become extinct. The problem is to reconcile it with modern conditions. And the first step to this would be to recognize its existence, and to place it as far as possible under the control of the collective wisdom of nations. Were it once distinctly recognized that men must go on creating new political organisms, imparting factitious life and unity to new and even larger masses of the human race, modifying nationalities and sometimes fusing them together, it is quite possible that this essential function might no longer be left to the rude and fitful agency of war and conquest, but be undertaken as a part of the common business of confederated governments and peoples. On this immense speculation, however, opening as it does a vista of conjectural views of the globe as it will be—we cannot at present enter farther.

And now, what shall we say respecting the application of the doctrines we have been discussing to the present state of European politics? Never, within the memory of the present generation, has the duty of a definite, bold, and consistent course of foreign policy been more incumbent upon Great Britain than at the present hour. There is not one of our questions of internal politics, as Kossuth has said, that outweighs in importance the question of our foreign relations. The honor, the glory, the interest of England, are concentrated now in what is done in the Foreign Office. What is *likely* to be done there, and what does the state of opinion out of doors indicate as the prescription of the people as to what *ought* to be done there?

Non-intervention has been the favorite doctrine of English politicians. To mind our own affairs, and to leave other peoples to mind theirs—this has been the sum and substance of our political creed. If there be any truth, however, in what has been advanced by us on this head, then, even on the narrow basis of this non-intervention principle, may be raised a vehement argument for active demonstration on the part of our Foreign Office at the present moment. England may, indeed, refuse to acknowledge the limitation to the non-intervention principle laid down by the ultra-democratic advocates of the rights of nationalities. Accepting the *de facto* arrangement of states, as, with one or two exceptions, national enough, England may refuse to join in any crusade for the purpose of amending it by the evocation of new peoples, or the assistance of existing peoples to obtain democratic constitutions. Farther, England, lagging behind America in this respect, may refuse to acknowledge that limitation of the non-intervention principle which would justify interposition to put down by force such enormities in the internal administra-

tion of foreign states as have taken place in Rome, Naples, and Lombardy. Many Englishmen, indeed, would go to the full length of this interposition; but the majority, perhaps, still shrink from going so far. But we cannot see how any consistent believer in the non-intervention principle can avoid agreeing to the remaining limitation, and accepting all its consequences. As firmly as we believe in the vital importance of the doctrine of non-intervention, so rigidly are we bound to employ all the resources of our national character and influence in *compelling this doctrine to be respected*. In acts of international piracy, such as the French invasion of Rome, and the Russian invasion of Hungary, there is an undoubted right on the part of England to exert her strength, whether for remonstrance or chastisement. The manner of exercising the right, of course, is a subject for prudential consideration. Peace or war is an alternative over which a statesman may well hesitate. But woe to the country which proclaims to the world that on all occasions, and whatever betide, it will never go to war! To say that, would be to proclaim a maxim fraught with the last degree of evil to the civilized and virtuous portions of mankind! Let England only abstain from that; and without assuming the attitude of braggardism or courting war, let her simply say the word, "stop," to the pirates of liberty, with that amount of good faith which men are supposed to have when they speak in ordinary life; and this alone, as Kossuth has said, and much more surely if America were to pronounce her "hands off" at the same time, the same would secure the emancipation of all the oppressed peoples. As it is, the belief abroad is that England barks but never bites. The longer, however, we bark without biting, the more severely shall we have to bite at last to recover our character. What we might never do, as a nation, on motives of principle, we shall probably be compelled to do from motives of interest.

For England, the whole question of our foreign relations is merging rapidly into a question of self-defence. The *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon has brought despotism to our doors. The whole area of the continent being now virtually or really under Russian influence, the only part of Europe that remains to be conquered is England. Belgium, Sardinia, and Switzerland are already doomed. Let the present rulers of Europe only feel that they have consolidated their powers, and as sure as fate there will be a determination of their whole strength against the power and liberties of this island. There are already symptoms of this in the treatment abroad of our tourists and our ambassadors. The Englishman, it seems, in place of being a special object of respect, is to become a mark for every petty official to spit at! Attacks on our commerce will come next. Last of all, when the time is ripe, will come, on some pretext or other, a declaration of war. England, which replaced all the kings of Europe, may have their enmity as her recompense. An invasion of the island itself, on the one hand, by the Algerian generals of Louis Napoleon; and a march into British India, on the other, by a Russian army proceeding through Persia, these are now contemplated possibilities. Hence those paragraphs about rifle-clubs, the accoutrements of our army, and the like, which appear daily in the newspapers. A month or two ago these demonstrations of alarm would have been denounced as ridiculous; now, even Mr. Cobden holds his tongue. Fortunately, however, there is a higher hope of safety for us than in ball-practice

and rifle-clubs on our own account. In the battle, when it comes, we shall not stand alone. The same battle, which is a battle of self-defence for us, will be a battle of freedom for the whole world. When England takes up arms in defence of her liberties, there will be Polish, Hungarian, and Italian officers in her army; and other men than we now see will have place in her councils. England will then be the rendezvous of the Liberals of all the European nations. America, in such case, could scarcely be inactive. To be a mere looker-on, while the great interests of humanity were at stake, would be to sell herself to infamy as lasting as the world's civilization. The English worsted in such a struggle, the men of the United States would then have to lay their account with being scowled upon, as a race even less endurable, in every port and capital of Europe. Jonathan was not born to bear that—not born to hazard the bearing of it. The battle, if come it does, will be a veritable battle of Armageddon—on the one side, Despotism, Jesuitism, Greek Church Erastianism, and Materialistic Socialism; on the other, Freedom, Protestantism, Anglo-Saxon chivalry, and the nobler forms of Social Aspiration. This battle, among other things, will, perhaps, help to solve the problem of the fusion of nationalities. If the issue is as we are bound to hope, the peoples of the old world will be the willing members of one great commonwealth; if it is the reverse, liberty will seek a refuge in the new hemisphere where all nationalities are already commingled.

Meanwhile, in the prospect of such questions, such chances, what are our whig masters doing? The times at hand will try them; we could wish that the issue might be, as far as *they* are concerned, better than our fears.

[In consequence of an injudicious claim set up by a son of General Hamilton, the following letter is copied from "The Life of John Jay: with Selections from his Correspondence and Miscellaneous Papers. By his son, William Jay. In two volumes. Published by Harper & Brothers, 1833."

Jay was the only man who enjoyed Washington's *unlimited* confidence. Washington, Jay and Hamilton are men whose characters rise higher in our estimation as we grow older. Reader! if it is a joy and consolation to you to find a human being of unflinching wisdom and unspotted integrity—a brother man worthy of your whole love and esteem—read these volumes, and make yourself acquainted with John Jay.—*Living Age*.]

TO JUDGE PETERS.

Bedford, March 29th, 1811.

DEAR SIR—I have received your letter of the 14th ult., and also the book on Plaster of Paris, which you was so obliging as to send me, and for which accept my thanks.

Your letter conveyed to me the first and only information I have received, that a copy of President Washington's valedictory address had been found among the papers of General Hamilton, and in his handwriting; and that a certain gentleman had also a copy of it in the *same* handwriting.

This intelligence is unpleasant and unexpected. Had the address been one of those *official* papers which, in the course of affairs, the secretary of the proper department might have prepared, and the president have signed, these facts would have been unimportant; but it was a *personal* act—of choice,

not of official duty—and it was so connected with other obvious considerations, as that he only could with propriety write it. In my opinion, President Washington must have been sensible of this propriety, and therefore strong evidence would be necessary to make me believe that he violated it. Whether he did or did not, is a question which naturally directs our attention to whatever affords presumptive evidence respecting it; and leads the mind into a long train of correspondent reflections. I will give you a summary of those which have occurred to me; not because I think them necessary to settle the point in question, for the sequel will show that they are not, but because the occasion invites me to take the pleasure of reviewing and bearing testimony to the merits of our departed friend.

Is it to be presumed, from these facts, that General Hamilton was the *real*, and the president only the *reputed* author of that address? Although they countenance such a presumption, yet I think its foundation will be found too slight and shallow to resist that strong and full stream of counter-evidence, which flows from the conduct and character of that great man. A character not blown up into transient splendor by the breath of adulation, but, being composed of his great and memorable deeds, stands, and will forever stand, a glorious monument of human excellence.

So prone, however, is "poor human nature" to dislike and depreciate the superiority of contemporaries, that when these facts come to be generally known, (and generally known they will be,) many, with affected regret and hesitation, will infer and hint, that Washington had less greatness of talent, and less greatness of mind, than his friends and admirers ascribed to him. Nor will the number of those be few, who, from personal or party inducements, will artfully encourage and diligently endeavor to give currency to such imputations.

On the other hand there are men of candor and judgment, (and time will increase their number,) who, aiming only at truth, will cheerfully trace and follow its footsteps, and, on finding, gladly embrace it. Urged by this laudable motive, they will attentively examine the history of his life; and in it they will meet with such numerous proofs of his knowledge and experience of men and things in general, and of our national affairs in particular, as to silence all doubts of his ability to conceive and express every idea in that address. A careful perusal of that history will convince them, that the principles of policy which it recommends as rules for the conduct of others, are precisely those by which he regulated his own.

There have been in the world but two systems or schools of policy; the one founded on the great principles of wisdom and rectitude, the other on cunning and its various artifices. To the first of these belonged Washington and all the other worthies of every country, who ascended to the temple of honor through the temple of virtue. The doctrines, maxims, and precepts of this school, have been explained and inculcated by the ablest writers, ancient and modern. In all civilized countries they are known, though often neglected; and in free states have always been publicly commended and taught. They crossed the Atlantic with our forefathers; and in our days, particularly, have not only engaged the time and attention of students, but have been constantly and eloquently displayed by able men in our senates and assemblies. What reason can there be to suppose that Washington

did not understand these subjects? If it be asked, what these subjects comprehend or relate to? the answer is this; they relate to the nature and duties of man—to his propensities and passions—his virtues and vices—his habits and prejudices—his real and relative wants and enjoyments—his capacities for social and national happiness—and the means by which, according to time, place, and other existing circumstances, it is, in a greater or less degree, to be procured, preserved or increased. From a profound investigation of these subjects, enlightened by experience, result all that knowledge, and those maxims and precepts of sound policy, which enable legislators and rulers to manage and govern public affairs wisely and justly.

By what other means than the practical use of this knowledge could Washington have been able to lead and govern an army, hastily collected from various parts, and who brought with them to the field all the license and all the habits which they had indulged at home? Could he, by the force of orders and proclamations, have constrained them to render him that obedience, confidence, and warm attachment which he soon acquired, and which, throughout all vicissitudes and distresses, continued constant and undiminished to the last? By what other means could he have been able to frustrate the designs of dark cabals, and the unceasing intrigues of envious competitors, and the arts of the opposing enemy? By what other means could he have been able, in so masterly a manner, to meet and manage all those perplexing embarrassments which the revolutionary substitution of a new government—which the want of that power in Congress which they had not, and of that promptitude which no deliberative body can have—which the frequent destitution, and constant uncertainty of essential supplies—which the incompetency of individuals, on whom much depended, the perfidy of others, and the mismanagement of many, could not fail to engender? We know, and history will inform posterity, that from the first of his military career, he had to meet and encounter, and surmount a rapid succession of formidable difficulties, even down to the time when his country was enabled, by the success of their arms, to obtain the honorable peace which terminated the war. His high and appointed course being then finished he disdained the intimations of lawless ambition to prolong it. He disbanded the army under circumstances which required no common degree of policy or virtue; and, with universal admiration and plaudits, descended joyfully and serenely into the shades of retirement. They who ascribe all this to the guidance and protection of Providence, do well; but let them recollect, that Providence seldom interposes in human affairs, but through the agency of human means.

When, at a subsequent and alarming period, the nation found that their affairs had gone into confusion, and that clouds, portending danger and distress, were rising over them from every quarter, they instituted under his auspices a more efficient government; and unanimously committed the administration of it to him. Would they have done this, without the highest confidence in his political talents and wisdom? Certainly not. No novice in navigation was ever unanimously called upon to take the helm or command of a ship on the point of running aground among the breakers. This universal confidence would have proved a universal mistake, had it not been justified by the event. The unanimous opinion entertained and declared

by a whole people in favor of any fellow-citizen, is rarely erroneous; especially in times of alarm and calamity.

To delineate the course, and enumerate the measures, which he took to arrive at success, would be to write a volume. The firmness and policy with which he overcame the obstacles placed in his way by the derangement of national affairs; by the devices of domestic demagogues, and of foreign agents, as well as by the deleterious influences of the French revolution, need not be particularized. Our records, and histories, and memoirs, render it unnecessary. It is sufficient to say, and it can be said with truth, that his administration raised the nation out of confusion into order; out of degradation and distress into reputation and prosperity. It found us withering—it left us flourishing.

Is it to be believed, that, after having thus led the nation out of a bewildered state, and guided them for many years from one degree of prosperity to another, he was not qualified, on retiring, to advise them how to proceed and go on? And what but this is the object and the burden of his valedictory address? He was persuaded that, as the national welfare had been recovered and established, so it could only be preserved and prolonged, by a continued and steady adherence to those principles of sound policy, and impartial justice, which had invariably directed his administration. Although the knowledge of them had been spread and scattered among the people, here a little, and there a little, yet, being desirous to mark even the last day of his public life by some act of public utility, he addressed and presented them to his fellow-citizens, in points of light so clear and strong, as to make deep impression on the public mind. These last parental admonitions of this father of his country were gratefully received, and universally admired. But the experience of ages informs us, that it is less difficult to give good advice, than to prevail on men to follow it.

Such and so obvious is the force of the preceding considerations, as to render doubts of the president's ability to give the advice contained in the address too absurd to have many serious advocates. But it would not surprise me if certain classical gentlemen, associating the facts you mention with the style and fashion of the address, should intimate that his ability to compose it substantially in his mind, does not prove that he was also capable of communicating his advice in a paper so well written.

Let those gentlemen recollect the classical maxim which they learned at school:—

Scribendi recte, sapere est et principium et fons.

They may also be referred to another classical maxim, which teaches us, that they who well understand their subject, will be at no loss for words:—

Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.

But his ability to write well need not be proved by the application of maxims; it is established by facts. We are told to judge of a tree by its fruit: let us, in like manner, judge of his pen by its performances.

Few men who had so little leisure, have written so much. His public letters alone are voluminous; and public opinion has done justice to their merits; many of them have been published, and they who read them will be convinced, that, at the period of the address, he had not to learn how to

write well. But it may be remarked, that the address is higher finished than the letters; and so it ought to be. That address was to be presented to the whole nation, and on no common occasion: it was intended for the present and future generations; it was to be read in this country, and in foreign countries; and to be criticized, not only by affectionate friends and impartial judges, but also by envious and malignant enemies. It was an address which, according as it should or should not correspond with his exalted character and fame, would either justify or impeach the prevailing opinion of his talents and wisdom. Who, therefore, can wonder that he should bestow more thought, and time, and pains on that address than on a letter!

Although in the habit of depending ultimately on his own judgment, yet no man was more solicitous to obtain and collect light on every question and measure on which he had to decide. He knew that authors, like parents, are not among the first to discover imperfections in their offspring; and that consideration would naturally induce him to imitate the example of those ancient and modern writers, (among whom were statesmen, generals, and even men of consular and royal dignity,) who submitted their compositions to the judgment of their friends, before they put the last hand to them. Those friends would make notes of whatever defects they observed in the draught, and of the correspondent amendments which they deemed proper. If they found that the arrangement could be improved, they would advise certain transpositions; if the connection between any of the relative parts was obscure, they would make it more apparent; if a conclusion had better be left to implication than expressed, they would strike it out, and so vice versa; if an additional remark or allusion would give force or light to a sentiment or proposition, they would propose it; where a sentence was too long they would divide it; they would correct redundances; change words less apt, for words more apt, &c. To correct a composition in this way, is to do a friendly office; but to prepare a new one, and offer it to the author as a substitute for his own, would deserve a different appellation.

Among those to whose judgment and candor President Washington would commit such an interesting and delicate task, where is the man to be found, who would have had the hardihood to say to him in substance, though in terms ever so nice and courtly—Sir, I have examined and considered your draught of an address: it will not do; it is really good for nothing. But, sir, I have taken the trouble to prepare a proper one for you; and I now make you a present of it: I advise you to adopt it, and to pass it on to the world as your own; the cheat will never be discovered, for you may depend on my secrecy. Sir, I have inserted in it a paragraph that will give the public a good opinion of your modesty; I will read it to you; it is in these words:—

In the discharge of this trust, I will only say, that I have, with good intentions, contributed towards the organization and administration of the government, the best exertions of which a *very fallible judgment* was capable. Not unconscious, in the outset, of the *inferiority* of my qualifications, experience in my own eyes, perhaps *still more* in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself.

If it be possible to find a man among those whom he esteemed, capable of offering to him such a

present, it is impossible to believe that President Washington was the man to whom such a present would have been acceptable. They who knew President Washington, and his various endowments, qualifications, and virtues, know that, aggregately considered, they found a "tout ensemble" which has rarely been equalled, and perhaps never excelled.

Thus much for presumptive evidence. I will now turn your attention to some that is direct.

The history (if it may be so called) of the address is not unknown to me; but as I came to the knowledge of it under implied confidence, I doubted, when I first received your letter, whether I ought to disclose it. On more mature reflection, I became convinced, that if President Washington was now alive, and informed of the facts in question, he would not only authorize, but also desire me to reduce it to writing; that when necessary, it might be used to invalidate the imputations to which those facts give color. This consideration terminated my doubts. I do not think that a disclosure is *necessary* at this moment, but I fear such a moment will arrive. Whether I shall then be alive or in capacity to give testimony, is so uncertain, that, in order to avoid the risk of either, I shall now reduce it to writing, and commit it to your care and discretion, "*de bene esse*," as the lawyers say.

Some time before the address appeared, Colonel (afterwards General) Hamilton informed me, that he had received a letter from President Washington, and with it the draught of a farewell address, which the president had prepared, and on which he requested our opinion. He then proposed that we should fix on a day for an interview at my house on the subject. A day was accordingly appointed. On that day Colonel Hamilton attended. He observed to me in words to this effect—that, after having read and examined the draught, it appeared to him to be susceptible of improvement—that he thought the easiest and best way was to leave the draught untouched and in its fair state; and to write the whole over, with such amendments, alterations, and corrections as he thought were advisable; and that he had done so. He then proposed to read it, and to make it the subject of our consideration. This being agreed to, he read it; and we proceeded deliberately to discuss and consider it, paragraph by paragraph, until the whole met with our mutual approbation. Some amendments were made during the interview, but none of much importance. Although this business had been hastily dispatched, yet, aware of the consequence of such a paper, I suggested the giving it a further critical examination; but he declined it, saying that he was pressed for time, and was anxious to return the draught to the president without delay. It afterwards occurred to me, that a certain proposition was expressed in terms too general and unqualified, and I hinted it in a letter to the president.

As the business took the course above mentioned, a recurrence to the draught was unnecessary, and it was not read. There was this advantage in the course pursued—the president's draught remained (as delicacy required) fair, and not obscured by interlineations, &c. By comparing it with a paper sent with it, he would immediately observe the emendations and corrections that were proposed; and would find them standing in their intended places. Hence he was enabled to review and to decide on the whole matter, with much greater

clearness and facility than if he had received them in separate and detached notes, and with detailed references to the pages and lines, where they were advised to be introduced.

With great esteem and regard,
I am, dear sir,
Your obedient servant,
JOHN JAY.

From Tait's Magazine.

A WILLOW-BRANCH.

— a song of willow.

The spinners and the knitters I' the sun,
And the fond maids who weave with bones,
Do use to chant it.

"Hard heart! you feel it now!" All night,
Sleepless, I tossed upon my bed;
For I had heard that she was wed
To whom my early love was plight.

But how we loved, how well and long,
How full of hope and fond belief,
With what extremes of joy and grief,
I sing not—'t is too old a song.

There goes a burden to the song,
A plaint of Willow, sad and low;
'T is death—or that more bitter woe
When grief is aggravate of wrong.

Falsehood! thy guilt is mine! For e'er
Three summers those still eyes had brought
To lovers' hearts so richly fraught,
My love gallanted elsewhere.

Then in the porch with leaves grown o'er,
And in the little garden—deemed
A world of flowers while there we dreamed—
The summer eyes were sweet no more.

Through grove to grove, by wood and mead,
Her bounding feet, still quickening, flew;
But when most fair the prospect grew
The false mirage proved false indeed.

Now see that poor, bewildered face,
O'er the vast desert turning back;
While, lorn of hope, she seeks to track
The path to unromantic peace.

Hard heart! you feel it, know it now,
What 't is when all to cheer and bless,
The dowry of all happiness,
Is but the memory of a vow.

And truly I have cause to fear
My vows may cost me dearly yet,
Unless the heavenly scribes forget
Not all were murmured in her ear.

Mary! my pardon still beseech,
That once, within the sacred shrine
When we two sat, thy hand in mine,
To hear the blessed pastor teach,

I said, "O Heaven! in this high place
My true pure love I would aver;
And when I turn my heart from her
Then turn from me Thy holy face!"

The mad blasphemer!—all the while
The glorious organ pealed aloud;
And mid the prayers of all the crowd
Those words went up that may beguile

My soul to death! Peace, Conscience!—peace!
Though with woe-weeds her heart was sown,
The greater harvest is mine own;
And shall the garner ne'er decrease?

For thus it is I dare to say,
"Mary, beseech my pardon still!"
The cup deceitful hope did fill
From her has wholly passed away;

Another and a surer path
Her trusting feet unwearied go,
And every eve a Christmas glow
Burns cheerily upon her hearth;

While the walls live with shadows glad,
Of friends who proudly come to see
In what a joyful dignity
The wife—the new made wife—is clad.

But from my hearth a dull, cold light
Casteth a pallor on the walls;
And every shadow there that falls
Belongs to Sorrow more than Night.

I rose; a quiet in the air,
The sober meekness of the dawn,
Proclaimed another Sabbath morn—
A day of love, and rest, and prayer.

And the thought stung me as I rose,
How oft my old love, fresh from sleep,
Wondered how near she was to weep—
For she had waked before her woes—

And said, "Whence is thus sullen pain?"
And then the start, the fitful sigh,
The gathering sorrow in her eye,
When the old snake uncoiled again.

Abroad! abroad! I needs must walk
Where, rich in all the peerless wealth
Of morning love enjoyed by stealth,
We roamed—to wonder more than talk;

In the vast quiet of content,
With brimming hearts, with aimless feet,
And loving eyes that feared to meet—
The traitors were so eloquent!

For Conscience never pleads so well
As where we most were innocent;
In heaven arch-devils might repent
Who boast of blasphemy in hell.

O Nature! shall I never know
What bonds are cast 'twixt thine and mine,
Our souls, so trammelled yet divine,
Thy summer leaves and winter snow?

How lexicon the languages,
That, half in love and half in fear,
The weary traveller stops to hear
When night-winds whisper in the trees—

The mystery of the song receive
That, like a loud triumphal horn,
Peals o'er the earth the march of morn—
Or the thanksgiving-psalm of eve?

Oh, like a sister good thou art,
An older sister, calm and wise,
With deep, admonitory eyes,
That search and shame the wayward heart;

With strength upholding those who fall,
With fire to weld the broken will,
With healing for the secret ill,
And sympathy and peace for all,

And here in this familiar place—
Familiar and yet always new,
Still guised in brighter, sadder hue—
I know thy kindness face to face.

For is not this the path we trod,
The stream we sauntered oft along,
And heard the lark's impetuous song
Beleaguering the gates of God?—

Unconscious when—the anthem stilled—
Each hushed emotion pulsed again,
That half the music of the strain
In love's resounding caverns thrilled.

And here the weird trees and the well—
The hill upon whose daisied height
We tarried long to watch the night
Enfold the homesteads in the dell—

The sober meads, the grain-fields' wide,
The hedgerows and encrimsoned skies,
All turn on me her golden eyes,
And ask her presence at my side.

I know it well ; remind me not
What here, and here, and there was said ;
I know, too, that she is not dead,
Though Death not more could part our lot.

But recollections crowd too fast—
They dim mine eyes, they flood mine ears,
And swift a spangled haze appears,
And whelms me in the love-time past.

Be still, poor heart !—thou canst not beat
The measure of that happy laugh :
Sweet ghost ! mock not mine eyes, that half
Believe they track her flying feet.

And rob my memory no more
For masques ! Indeed, I cannot spare
One look of pride, or mirth, or care,
Of all the thousands of my store.

'T is vain !—resume that transient grace,
And smile, and I 'll believe the cheat !
Oh, thus indeed we used to meet,
With all that glory on her face !—

And this the fragrance of her breath,
And such the fervor of her kiss !
Oh, touch my lips again—the bliss
Shall linger through the pangs of death !

Behold ! a soft autumnal breeze
Is circling o'er the sleepy corn ;
Sedately onward it is borne,
While reverently bow the trees.

It wreathes my head with halos cool,
A robe of penance round me flings,
And shakes my soul, as angels' wings
Swept drooping o'er Bethesda's pool.

Rise, O baptismal waters ! Roll
Your soothing wavelets round my heart,
Anoint with patience all my thought,
And make this halting spirit whole.

For not in boughs of Indian palm,
O gentle Wind ! hadst thou thy birth ;
Nor elsewhere in all the earth,
Except it be Jerusalem !

On passed the Wind, with robe outspread
To catch the melody that fell,
Like rain-drops, from the Sabbath bell ;
And now careering overhead,

It fills the homes of great and small,
The jewelled and unjewelled ear,
With one low song, serene and clear,
Enjoining thankfulness on all.

And I, too, from this haunted ground,
Where yet forbidden phantoms brood,
Will turn my steps—with grief subdued,
But still pervading and profound.

Farewell, O sister eloquent !
Ere next I dare to search thee out,
I 'll build this ruined heart about
With walls of patience and content.

And there my love in bonds I 'll keep,
Till, starved of thought, it die—and merge
In those sad drops that o'er the verge
Of memory trickle to the Deep.

But count the hours, O happy wife !
And count the weary, weary days,
Before that dawn may break, whose rays
Shall loose the frozen springs of life !

And when, on thought-compelling eves,
On watchful nights, you take the book
Inscribed of Love and Youth, and look
With melancholy on the leaves—

Pass o'er those lines my follies stain
With all unclouded eyes—nor burn
The very ashes in the urn,
With fiery embers of disdain.

WHEN I AM OLD.

WHEN I am old—and, O how soon
Will life's sweet morning yield to noon,
And noon's broad, fervid, earnest light
Be shaded in the solemn night !
Till, like a story well nigh told,
Will seem my life—when I am old.

When I am old, this breezy earth
Will lose for me its voice of mirth—
The streams will have an undertone
Of sadness not by right their own ;
And spring's sweet power in vain unfold
In rosy charms—when I am old.

When I am old, I shall not care
To deck with flowers my faded hair ;
'T will be no vain desire of mine
In rich and costly dress to shine ;
Bright jewels and the brightest gold
Will charm me naught—when I am old.

When I am old, my friends will be
Old, and infirm, and bowed, like me ;
Or else, their bodies 'neath the sod,
Their spirits dwelling safe with God,
The old church bell will long have tolled
Above the rest—when I am old.

When I am old, I 'd rather bend
Thus sadly o'er each buried friend,
Than see them lose the earnest truth,
That marks the friendship of our youth ;
'T will be so sad to have them cold
Or strange to me—when I am old !

When I am old—O how it seems
Like the wild lunacy of dreams,
To picture in prophetic rhyme
That dim, far distant, shadowy time ;
So distant that it seems o'er bold
Even to say—"When I am old !"

When I am old ?—perhaps ere then
I shall be missed from haunts of men ;
Perhaps my dwelling will be found
Beneath the green and quiet-mound,
My name by stranger hands enrolled
Among the dead—ere I am old.

Ere I am old ?—that time is now,
For youth sits lightly on my brow ;
My limbs are firm, and strong, and free,
Life has a thousand charms for me ;
Charms that will long their influence hold
Within my heart—ere I am old.

Ere I am old—O let me give
My life to learning *how to live* !
Then shall I meet with willing heart
An early summons to depart,
Or find my lengthened days consoled
By God's sweet peace—when I am old.

From the Danish.

THE MESSENGER.

Few lads at the age of twenty were ever more wild and thoughtless than myself. Reckless alike of the lessons of the past or the prospects of the future, I lived only to pursue each mad impulse of the hour. "Experience makes wise," they say. I am a living instance of the fallacy of the adage; for, spite of the numberless scrapes into which my heedless humor involved me, my wisdom was never one whit increased by the process.

All this I have thought it necessary to premise by way of introduction to the following episode of my youthful days.

My father, deeming it advisable in his wisdom to separate me from the young men among whom I lived in Copenhagen, sent me to a commercial house in Hamburg—as though there were no boon-companions in that city—the head of which, being noted for his rigid morality, was to have the entire control over me. Before the lapse of a fortnight, I had thrice contrived to elude the vigilance of my employer, and had twice reached home towards morning without having got into a scrape, which proved that I sought good company, among whom the risks of getting a thrashing were as one to three. Fate, however, favored me; and at the expiration of a year I returned to Copenhagen in as good health as I had left it, and enriched with a stock of experience in all sorts of pranks, which I longed to put into practice.

As a matter of course, I was to resume in Copenhagen the dull office-duties which I had commenced in Hamburg; but, in the interval before this took place, I obtained permission to spend a month in the country with aunts and uncles who lived in different parts of Sealand.

One fine afternoon in the month of September, having found out a peasant who was willing to take me in his wagon the first four miles on my journey, I was standing with my travelling-bag in my hand at the door of the inn where he put up, waiting for him to take his departure, when a servant appeared, and asked if there was an opportunity of sending to Thjööge.

"The gentleman who stands there is just going to start for Thjööge," answered the ostler, pointing to me.

The servant took off his hat. "I have a letter which my master is anxious should arrive safely at the Corporal's Inn, where a carriage will be waiting for him; but as he is ill, and cannot leave town, he wishes the letter to be delivered to the coachman, who will otherwise be kept waiting."

"Give it to me," said I, "and I will be your master's messenger. What is his name?"

He gave me a name I never heard before, and I put the letter into my pocket and drove off.

My usual luck had deserted me for the nonce, for it rarely happened to me to ride a mile without meeting with some adventure; if nothing else, I took up a passenger, or mystified some credulous peasant, or flirted with a bar-maid, but this time it was as if everything were bewitched, and I was thoroughly out of humor. The road to Thjööge is the most uninteresting of all roads; the foot-passengers are too dirty and too ragged to allow of your offering to give them a lift, the peasants look as savage as the colliers of Fredericksborg, and the bar-maids are either as ugly as sin or betrothed to the tapster, in both of which cases they are unsuited for their office. I was weary of myself, and, to

complete my misery, one of the horses fell lame, and we were forced to proceed at a snail's pace.

Any one who has been weary and out of humor on a journey will be able to appreciate my position; he will not wonder that now I walked, now got into the wagon again, then sang in despair, then whistled out of sheer vexation, then thrust my hands into my pockets and played with my keys, then drew them out again, in order to button and unbutton my coat. As a last resource, I took out the letter which had been entrusted to my care, and judge of my consternation when I found that I had unconsciously made it the victim of my impatience, and that it was so crumpled and torn that it looked like anything but a letter. In this condition I could not deliver it; and there was nothing left for me to do but to try to read its contents, and communicate them verbally to the coachman. Fortunately, the peasant who was driving me did not know who I was, and this proves how great a safeguard responsibility is to human virtue.

With the help of conjectural criticism, I came to the conclusion that the contents of the letter were as follows:—

"DEAR UNCLE—I have received your honored letter of the 5th instant, and find from it that my father has informed you of my arrival in Copenhagen, by the steamer, and that you are so good as to say that your carriage will be in waiting for me at the Corporal's Inn, on the 11th instant, precisely at seven o'clock, to convey me to your house. A bad cold, which I caught on the voyage, confines me to my room, and obliges me to postpone for a week my visit to my dear unknown relatives. At the same time that I announce this delay, I beg you will allow me to express how much pain it causes me, and to present my best compliments to my lovely cousins," &c., &c., and (after sundry polite and pedantic phrases) signed, "Your obedient CARL."

He will be with them in a week; he excuses himself with a cold in the head; all this I must tell the coachman in a few words. How much paper might be spared if people would only make use of a little common sense! With these reflections I threw the letter on the road, where it soon became part and portion of the mud; for, to add to my misfortunes, it rained pretty heavily.

At last we reached the inn, just as the rain began to fall in torrents. It was eight o'clock, and almost dark. A snug closed carriage stood at the door, and the horses were stamping impatiently. The blessings of this world are unequally divided, thought I, as I looked at the wretched wagon in which I had been brought hither, and by which I could not hope to reach my uncle's house before midnight. "Whose carriage is that?"

"It is the Justitsraad's at—gaard," answered the coachman.

This was only a mile distant from my uncle's place.

"Then it is you who are waiting for a gentleman from Copenhagen?" said I.

"Oh, is it you, sir! We may start immediately, if it please you, for the horses have baited, and I do not think the weather will clear up to-night," replied the man.

Done! thought I; the idea is not a bad one. I shall get so far on my journey with a dry skin, and will alight a little before we arrive at the house, or, like a trusty messenger, deliver the message in person. In the country one may always hope for

the offer of a night's lodging, and to-morrow morning I will walk over to my uncle's. Then, at all events, my journey will not have gone off without an adventure.

The temptation was great to exchange a wet and rumbling peasant-wagon, proceeding at a snail's pace, for a comfortable carriage, with horses going at a smart trot, and I could not resist it. I jumped into the vehicle, and, lulled by its easy motion, soon fell into a profound sleep.

When it stopped I was awake by the jerk; and before I had time to recover myself the door was thrown open, and the glare of lights and the buzz of voices which burst upon me bewildered and amazed me. I was almost dragged out of the carriage. "It is he! it is Cousin Carl!" exclaimed several voices, and the circle drew closer around me.

I was at — gaard.

Recovering from my amazement, I was on the point of executing my commission to the best of my abilities, and of asking pardon for having come in person to do so, when I espied the head of a most captivating little cousin grouped with the rest. What a lovely face! I was so struck with admiration that I lost the favorable moment for offering my excuses; and, before I was aware of it, I had silently received the dear family's greetings as Cousin Carl—I who was only his unworthy messenger.

The Justitsraad immediately conducted me to the dining-room, and we sat down at once to supper, which seemed only to have been awaiting my arrival. My position was a most embarrassing one, and became every instant more painful. My usual flow of spirits forsook me; and, as for my usual impudence, I sadly felt the want of it at this most critical moment.

The party consisted of my uncle, his wife, a handsome old lady of fifty; my cousin Jetty, a pale, silent girl, with an interesting expression of countenance; my cousin Hanne, the lovely little cherub who was the cause of my losing my presence of mind; and my cousin Thomas, a tall boy of twelve, with long arms and short sleeves. My embarrassment was so great that I devoured all that was put upon my plate as if I had not seen food for a fortnight; and with every glass of wine that I swallowed I formed a new plan by which to release myself from the awkward position wherein my giddy thoughtlessness had involved me.

"Bravo, nephew!" said the Justitsraad, as he replenished my plate for the fifth time. "I like to see young people eat heartily, and I expect everybody to feel at home in my house. One glass more, to your happy return to Denmark. That's right! drain it to the bottom! I am glad that you have learned to appreciate good cheer. When you were a boy you gave no promise of being a boon-companion; but eleven years sometimes work wonderful changes."

I drank to the health of my father and mother, to the prosperity of the whole family, and particularly to the happiness of my cousin Jette, which toast was proposed by the Justitsraad with a knowing nod towards me; but my cousin scarcely tasted her wine, and did not deign to look at me. My cousin Hanne diligently replenished my glass, and at length I felt my head begin to acknowledge the effect of my repeated potations.

"And now to bed, children," said the Justitsraad; "it is late. We can hear all that your cousin has to tell us to-morrow."

I was on the point of asking for a private interview with him, but the favorable moment again escaped me, and the opportunity was lost. The family retired for the night, and a servant conducted me to my room and left me to my reflections—the reflections of a giddy fellow of one-and-twenty! Hanne's pretty face and the Justitsraad's wine had turned my head. I hurried to bed, and, like a certain Theban tyrant, reserved serious business for the morrow.

But I could not sleep; for conscience, which is generally widest awake when all else slumbers, most unmercifully compelled me to keep it company. At length it got so much the better of me that it fairly drove me from bed. My first impulse was to make my exit *viâ* the window and then proceed, with my knapsack on my back, to the residence of him whom I was justly and fairly entitled to hail as uncle, rather than remain to be treated as one detected in playing the impostor for the sake of obtaining a commodious conveyance and comfortable quarters. So galling was this last suggestion of my conscience-stricken spirit that I involuntarily decreased the distance betwixt myself and the fatal window.

It had ceased raining; but the night was very dark. As far as concealment was concerned, darkness was favorable to my plan; but how should I manage to find my way about a strange place? I then thought of keeping awake till daybreak and stealing away, leaving the family to search for their cousin until the real Simon Pure had got rid of his cold. But in that case I should never again see little Hanne's sweet face.

I dressed and seated myself at the open window, in order to wait for the first dawn of day. I had a good long watch before me, for it was only half-past twelve. Suddenly I heard footsteps outside, and, in a few moments the branches of a tree opposite my window began to shake. Some one was climbing up the tree, but evidently not with the intention of paying me a visit, for he climbed higher than my room, and had but just got on a level with the window above when it was opened.

Ha, ha! a rendezvous, thought I. After all, it is a good thing to have a tender conscience; without it I should have been fast asleep and ignorant of what was passing around me. But who can it be? I will listen.

"For Heaven's sake, make no noise!" said a voice in a whisper at the window; he has arrived, and is in the room immediately below this; he can scarcely have fallen asleep yet."

"The candle was extinguished half-an-hour ago," answered a voice from the tree; "and what should keep an idiot like that awake?"

Idiot, forsooth! As if I were not as wide awake as he!

"Only think of my painful position, dear Gustav!" continued the voice from the window. "My father proposed my health at supper, and I was obliged to take wine with my cousin; but oh, how I do hate him! Perhaps he will be treating me as his affianced bride to-morrow, and be calling me *thee* and *thou*, and so on; and I am sure that my father will give him every encouragement. Oh, how unhappy I am!"

"This is all the result of our keeping matters a secret, dearest Jette; had we spoken to your father before your cousin's arrival, he might have been persuaded into breaking the foolish engagement made in your childhood."

"No, no, he would never have done that," an-

answered Jette; "he is too much attached to his brother, and he would go any lengths to keep the promise which they gave each other eleven years ago, at the expense of the happiness of their children."

"What a pity that he did not break his neck on his way here! but such fellows travel the whole world over without ever meeting with the most trifling accident," said Gustav. "However, as he has come he shall hear from me. I'll pick a quarrel with him; I'll challenge him; one of us must make room for the other."

"Dear Gustav," said my cousin, "do not say such horrid things! Am I not already miserable enough! I see nothing, nothing but misery before me." Jette wept; I could hear her sobs. Poor girl! Now I understand why she was so pale and silent. I was her betrothed!

"Forgive me, dear girl, I scarcely know what I say. Be calm!—do not weep! Heaven will protect us. We will find means to soften your father's heart; and surely no man of sense would marry a woman against her inclination. If your cousin be a man of honor he will give up all claim to your hand."

"Then he would not have come here. His father wrote to say that he came expressly to claim me as his betrothed, and that we might learn to know each other before our marriage; and added, that as we had been engaged eleven years, it was time—oh, I cannot bear to think of it!"

"What is he like? Is he handsome?"

"He is not at all like what he was as a boy, he is much altered, he is handsomer; in fact, he is decidedly handsome."

Anyhow, she's a girl of taste, thought I; and if I could do her a good turn I would.

"Oh, he is handsome, is he? Well, I wish you joy of him." And here I heard the tree violently agitated.

"Gustav, are you in earnest?" said Jette, in a tone of voice that have pierced the heart of a stone, assuming stones to have hearts.

"Dear, dear Jette!" He stretched himself so far out from the tree, that I believe to this hour he was able to take her hand and kiss it.

"Indeed, you have no reason to be jealous," continued Jette, "his awkwardness makes one forget that he is handsome; none could ever take him for a person accustomed to good society; he eats immoderately and drinks in proportion. It was great fun to Hanne to help him to wine; and I do believe that he drank at least two bottles at supper. And, with all this, not a word did he say. No, I cannot bear him; but my father seemed to take to him, and was loud in his praises after he left the room."

A nice impression to leave behind me, forsooth! Let me just sum up the goodly list of my social shortcomings: *Item*, unaccustomed to good society; *ergo*, no gentleman. Pretty well for a beginning!—*Item*, eats like a beast and drinks like a fish. (I wish she knew what a journey in a peasant's car is.) And, to sum up all, the little witch, Hanne, with that innocent face of hers, has been amusing herself at my expense! A pretty dilemma I am in!

"I will speak to your father to-morrow," said Gustav, after a pause. "I shall soon have it in my power to offer you a comfortable home; my family's position is in every way equal to his own. Give me your consent, dearest Jette, to make our secret

known to your father, and all may yet end well for us."

"Gustav, you do not know my father! I feel persuaded that he will insist upon my keeping my plighted word. Promises are sacred in his eyes, nor was he ever known to have broken one. I was a child when I gave mine, and since then I have ever worn the ring placed at our betrothal on my finger. Little did I deem it was but the link of a chain binding me to a life of wretchedness!"

After a short pause, they resumed their conversation.

"How long is he likely to stay here?" asked Gustav.

"I do not know, perhaps only a few days. He is my only hope," answered Jette. "I must speak to him alone to-morrow. We must come to an understanding. I will ask him to meet me in the garden—if you promise not to be jealous," she added playfully.

"I don't much like being beholden to my rival, but I do not see any alternative," said Gustav. "Speak to him; but should you not succeed, then—dearest girl! then—?"

"Then I promise—but what was that? I heard something move. Go—you must not be seen here!"

"To-morrow night at one, dear Jette." And then I heard something that sounded very like a kiss.

My fortunate rival stepped from branch to branch with an agility which proved him no novice in the exercise. When he had reached the ground I heard the window close.

It was now my turn to mount the tree. Gustav had taught me the easiest way to free myself from my troubles.—I should like to know what kind of a fellow that Gustav is. Poor Jette! she has given away her heart, and is doomed nevertheless to be chained for life to a man who begins a letter to his future father-in-law with these words, "I have received your honored letter of the 5th instant," and who puts off his visit to his betrothed because he has a cold! Funny world, this! It is getting lighter and lighter, and she intends to confide in me to-day. I was her only hope. We are to come to an understanding. She'll meet me in the garden. No one knows me, and the right cousin will not be here for a week. I might as well stay one day on his account. Surely the chapter of accidents will have some lucky ones in store for me. I will not forsake Jette, and I will revenge myself on little Miss Hanne, who thought it good fun to make me tipsy; and I will prove to the whole family that I learned manners in Hamburg, and that I am not the fool they take me for, and that I don't always eat and drink like a starving mechanic. My honor is concerned. Stay I will! But what if they begin to question me? Hem! Well, the worst that can happen is, that I must leave a coat and some linen behind me, and take to my heels. But there is no danger. I will, however, reconnoitre the premises, for as yet I do not know whether I am to turn to the right or to the left; and to-night—well, good night, my well-beloved friends, and thanks for your hospitality. While you sleep I will disappear, leaving not a clue to the discovery of who I am. It will give them something to talk about until Christmas. But who would have thought it of those girls!—intriguing little things that they are! But wait, my turn will come!

During this monologue I again undressed and got

into bed, and soon fell as sound asleep as though I had as just claims to my couch as the odious cousin himself. But the next morning, when I was called to breakfast, matters assumed a different aspect. I had slept away the effects of the wine—sober sense had resumed its sway; the fear of impending discovery would have scared me far hence had the well-trained footman for a moment lost sight of me. As it was, I had no alternative but to allow him to conduct me to the dining-room. The scene of my last night's exploits tended in some measure to restore me to my wonted spirits, and, with the firm resolve to efface all previous impressions to my discredit, I shook hands with each member of the family; and as I now knew that I was engaged to Jette, I kissed her hand with the utmost gallantry. The poor girl looked as if she were going to faint, and I colored very much as I recollected that I had no ring on. Jette, on the contrary, wore the plain gold ring before alluded to, but it was almost entirely hidden by another with a "forget-me-not" on it. Who could have given it to her?

"How are you to-day, dear girl?" inquired the Justitsraad. "Jette has been delicate of late. She looks ill, and has lost her appetite."

Jette assured her father that she was quite well. That neither mother nor sister was half as much in her confidence as I at that moment, I soon perceived. But then they had not stood at an open window from twelve to three o'clock the preceding night.

At first all went on smoothly enough. We talked about the wind and the weather, but my horizon soon began to lower.

"Well, nephew, tell me something about the old fellow. How is my brother?"

"He is quite well, uncle, thank you."

"But the gout has been very troublesome," observed the Justitsraad.

"The gout? Yes, it has; but he is accustomed to it." I was on thorns, and the earth would not open to overwhelm and rescue me.

"And your mother?"

"She is likewise in good health, only they are growing older every day."

"Well, and so are the best of us. And how does your Aunt Abelone get on?"

"Very well, indeed, uncle."

"Odd enough that is, considering she has only got a leg and a half to get on with."

It's all up now, I mentally ejaculated. "Yes—that is to say, as well as can be expected with a leg and a half." No wonder I stammered. Poor Aunt Abelone, her privations quite took me by surprise!

"Now only listen to the fellow! he thinks half a leg more or less of no consequence."

The clouds dispersed for a while, but speedily gathered again. Breakfast was no sooner over than my *soi-disant* uncle wanted me to tell him about the new system of agriculture which my father had introduced on his estate, with whose locality I was utterly unacquainted. This time, my aunt came to my aid by suggesting that we should reserve that subject until we took a stroll in the fields together, or went shooting; as she was not inclined to listen to discussions on rural economy.

"Well, we'll talk of that another day," said the Justitsraad. "But now tell us something about your travels; it will amuse the ladies. You have been to Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and divers other

places. Why, man, you must have a budget full of news!"

I had never been within a hundred miles of any of the places he mentioned. I fear my love of truth would have succumbed to the emergency of the moment had not my grand inquisitor come himself to the rescue.

"Well, nephew, I don't hold you to be burdened with an excess of bashfulness, but you don't seem inclined to give us a few passages from your journal; never mind, this is Liberty Hall, every one does as he likes. I know that many years ago, when I came back from Hamburg, I was so full of what I had seen and heard that my friends were actually obliged to beseech me not to pester them with particulars of my journey. But perhaps it is old-fashioned to talk about one's travels."

Here I got into smooth water at once. I knew Hamburg as well as the beggar does his dish; and, taking the hint from my respected relative, I started off at score. I discussed edifices, men, manners, politics, literature, arts and sciences, all in one breath. It pleased and interested the old gentleman to hear of the changes time had wrought in the good old city. He fancied it was still walled and moated round about as in the days of his youth. He listened to me attentively, and so did the rest. Cousin Thomas rested both elbows on the table and laughed with all his might; my aunt laid aside her knitting to inspect the sketches with which I accompanied my description of the city; cousin Jette looked less sulkily at me; and Hanne, sweet little Hanne, for whose sake I had got into this scrape, asked questions without end about the Hamburg ladies, the fashions and the theatre. Fortunately, these had been the objects of my particular study.

"I was sure that when his tongue was once set a-going there would be no lack of talk. How long were you in Berlin?" asked the Justitsraad.

"Stop a little, uncle! We are still in Hamburg, and I have much more to tell about it. We must proceed systematically. I am determined to answer no questions to-day that do not bear reference to Hamburg; to-morrow we will go on to Berlin." To-morrow, indeed! thought I. Happy be my dote an! I weather out the day.

"Well, be it so," replied the Justitsraad. "Liberty Hall, you know. In the mean time, amuse yourself as you best can. In that room you will find books, in the other a choice of guns, and in the stables there are horses at your service; so make yourself at home, and do what you like."

"I think I'll take a stroll in the garden," said I, with a speaking glance at Jette. But she did not observe it, and I was compelled to say that, being a stranger, I should require a guide. But even this hint she appeared not to notice, though we were to have some serious conversation, and the sooner the better.

"A stranger!" exclaimed my uncle. "But, to be sure, in eleven years you may have forgotten the place. You were then—let me see!—ay, now you are three-and-twenty—twelve years old. Who would have thought at that time that you would have turned out such a light-hearted fellow! Well, show him about, children. Thomas must go to his studies, and my wife has household matters to attend to; Jette must—"

"I am not well, father; I have a violent headache," said poor Jette.

She really did look ill, and her eyes were very red and swollen.

"Vapors!" said the Justitsraad peevishly, and shook his head. "You ought to—but I suppose matters will right themselves on a nearer acquaintance," he continued. "I understand this kind of *migraine*, as the fine folks at Hamburg used to call it. [These last words were addressed to me, and I returned a nod which implied *sat. sapienti*.] But, here, Hanne! you don't mind the morning air, I suppose? Then take your cousin Carl under your protection, and show him the garden and grounds, and do not forget to point out to him the view from the Swing Hill; and now be off with you, children!"

"Come, cousin," said Hanne, "are we to say 'thou' or 'you'?"

"'Thou,' by all means!" I exclaimed. "We would not be real cousins if we did not say 'thou.' Am I not right, uncle?"

"You are after my own heart, boy! Always keep your spirits up, that's what I say."

Was I not right, I ask, when I said that I was a giddy, thoughtless fellow? I believe that I was. But what will you say, dear reader, when you learn that I did actually walk in the garden and ramble in the woods with this lovely little Hanne? I, her pseudo-cousin, I, who deserved the stocks for having dared, under another man's name, to foist myself upon a respectable family—I who, under false pretences, had violated the sanctity of a seal—I walked arm-in-arm with the daughter of the Justitsraad of—gaard, the angelic little Hanne—I, who richly deserved to be scourged off the premises with all the dogs at my heels! Alas for human justice!

As I gazed upon my companion I felt smitten with remorse and shame. Dear little Hanne looked so lovely, so bewitching in her pretty morning dress that she seemed the incarnation of the *beau ideal* of the romantic day-dream of a stripling of three-and-twenty.

We ran about like two children, gathering flowers and teaching each other their botanical names; and then Hanne would prattle about a thousand little things with which she thought the new cousin ought to be made acquainted, till, at length, I half forgot that I was not the real cousin Carl.

"I am sorry that Jette did not accompany us," said she; "but I trust her head-ache will be better by to-morrow."

I assured her that her company left me nothing to desire.

"A pretty declaration to make after leaving the girl you are engaged to for eleven long years!"

"But I don't think Jette seemed over pleased at my arrival."

"Oh, that you musn't mind. She has been in very low spirits lately; but I daresay that will soon wear off, and, besides, she is such an excellent girl—much better than I am, or anybody I know!"

"But I must have a lively wife, for I am myself lively," observed I.

"You are very different to what we expected to find you, as we always understood that you were a quiet, sedate person, stupid and uninteresting. In my heart I often pitied Jette, for I cannot imagine anything more insupportable than a dull, stupid husband; but I do not pity her any longer."

I could have hugged her upon the spot. "So you were unfavorably prepossessed towards me. To whom am I indebted for so favorable a character?"

"To your own father; and the letter which you wrote to Jette on the day of her confirmation, inclosing a ring, did not give us a better opinion of you. It was but a sorry performance, and my father had some difficulty in persuading Jette to reply to it, when she was to send you a ring in return. But you were very young at that time, and, as we did not hear from you again, your letter was soon forgotten. I am sure that Jette has not thought six times of you in the six years that have since elapsed, which is, perhaps, fortunate for you. It was not until your father wrote to say that you were coming home, and sent remembrances from you, that your name was again mentioned by any of us; but my father never approved of our laughing at your letter."

I stored my memory with every little circumstance that might assist me in playing the part before me, and I learnt more from this conversation than I had been able to glean before.

"It is folly to make children engage themselves; for what do they know about love?" said Hanne.

"It is worse than folly, Hanne; it is barbarous; it is trampling upon our most sacred rights."

"You may, however, be thankful for that piece of barbarity," she replied, "without which you would never have been engaged to Jette. She has many admirers."

"Indeed! And who are they, pray? You make me jealous."

"Why, the young clergyman at—, and Gustav Holm; both pay her great attention, and Jette is not indifferent to the latter."

"And who is this Gustav Holm, who seems to be the more dangerous of the two?"

"He is studying practical agriculture over at—sted, and has visited us occasionally for the last three years, principally for Jette's sake, I am sure."

"Or for yours, little Hanne?"

"Indeed, no one comes here for my sake; I would not make a secret of it if they did. Jette is much more liked and admired than I am, and so she deserves to be."

"Perhaps Jette likes Gustav Holm better than she likes me, whom in fact she does not know?"

"Indeed, she does not—it would be a bad business if she did; you have been engaged to each other for eleven years and are to be married! Why, you are to be husband and wife."

"What would you have done had you been in Jette's place?"

"I should perhaps—no, I do not think that I would have done that. But I am not as good and as tractable as she is, and no one should have persuaded me on the day of my confirmation to accept a ring of betrothal, that I can assure you; particularly if it had been accompanied by such an epistle as yours."

Hanne plaited some blades of grass together and tied them round her finger in a complicated knot.

"Can you do that?" she asked.

I tried, but I did not succeed, and she took hold of my hand to teach me. "But what does this mean, Carl?" she exclaimed. "Where is your ring?"

"It is—I have—I wear it in a ribbon round my neck. I was tired of answering all the questions that it called forth, so I determined to wear it in that manner."

"You were tired of wearing it, indeed! Did any one ever hear the like! Jette has constantly worn hers, and has besides placed a 'forget-me-

not' on the same finger, as a reminder, I presume, not to forget you; and it annoyed you to be asked if you were engaged! You men do not deserve to be remembered; but come along, and I will show you a fine view."

We walked through a lovely shady grove where several paths wound among the trees and crossed each other. Hanne led the way, looking like Diana with her light and elastic step and flowing garments, and I followed like the love-sick Actæon, whose fate I was doomed to share. For how soon might not the veil be torn asunder? How soon might I not stand detected and transformed in the eyes of these worthy people, and be consigned over to my conscience, which would inflict on me tortures more poignant far than the ill-starred Actæon experienced beneath the fangs of his own hounds?

We approached an eminence whereon stood two pillars supporting a swing, which from a distance looked not unlike a gibbet. From the top of the hill the view was very fine and embraced a number of village churches, among which was probably that of my real uncle.

"But why did you erect that gibbet on this lovely spot?" asked I.

"Gibbet! No one ever gave my swing that name before," said Hanne, much annoyed. "If it were not impolite, I would say that the person whose imagination sees a gibbet in my innocent swing must indeed have a guilty conscience."

Alas! her words were but too true. The swing will in future be called a gibbet, thought I, and tomorrow my character will be dangling in it, as a warning to all self-styled cousins.

"Never mind, cousin, let us make it up; but do not say a word against this place in my father's presence, for it is one of his most favorite haunts. Now come and swing me by way of penance," said Hanne, getting into the swing.

Oh that I could so easily expiate my involuntary transgression!

I could have gone on swinging her forever, so much did I love to gaze on her. But she showed for me that consideration I lacked towards myself.

"You are getting tired, I fear, and I cannot allow you to work so hard," said she. "Come and convince yourself that the swing is well placed—that is to say, if you are not afraid of the gallows," she added, making room for me in the swing.

"Even the gallows would I brave for your sake," said I, seating myself by her side. I set the swing in motion, and it was indeed a charming sight to see the landscape spread out beneath us. I felt as if I were flying through the air with an angel.

"How beautiful!" I exclaimed, and threw my arm round Hanne.

"Not so bad, considering that it is a gallows. But you had better hold fast by the rope, cousin, and not by me. Let us continue our walk, we have had enough of swinging."

"First allow me to proffer an earnest request, dear Hanne," said I, taking her hand. "Listen to me before we leave this spot. I foresee that this swing will hereafter, at least in your mind, retain the name which I thoughtlessly bestowed upon it. Promise me, that should you hear my name mentioned with reproach, and doubts cast on my honor, you will remember that on this spot I implored you to judge mercifully of the absent, however much appearances might be against him. Fate sometimes plays odd pranks with us, dear Hanne, and leads us into temptations we are not strong enough to resist."

For one moment the lively girl looked seriously at me, and then burst into a hearty laugh. One moment more, and I should have made a full confession.

"I promise you that I will come hither and think as well of you as you deserve," said she, "always presuming that I have nothing better to do, or nothing better to think on. But for the present I can give no more time to reflections on the gallows. The luncheon-bell is ringing, and my father likes us all to be punctual."

Jette did not appear; the headache kept her confined to her room. Poor girl! I indeed felt for her; and when I reflected that the presence of the gentleman whose unworthy envy I was would probably inflict still greater torments on her, it made me quite miserable. The other members of the family were in high spirits, and I do not remember ever having assisted at such an agreeable luncheon-party. Alas! half of the day was already spent, and at the expiration of the other half my happiness would die a sudden death.

After luncheon, my cousin Thomas proposed that I should go out shooting with him for a few hours. Wishing to gain the good graces of every member of my family, I acquiesced in his proposal, thinking also that I might encourage him to talk, and thus gain some little insight into the family affairs with which, of course, I was presumed to be acquainted. And so hampered was I now by

—the tangled web we weave

When first we venture to deceive,

that I felt not the slightest scruple or compunction in turning his boyish prattle to my own account. Ah! give but the devil a finger, and he will soon have your whole body.

But cousin Thomas was so ardent a sportsman that he had neither ear nor tongue for aught but anecdotes connected with the field, and I most sincerely regretted the time that I was losing in his company; there was, however, no means of escaping, and I was obliged to follow him from one turf-bog to another in search of wild ducks.

"Whq is that passing yonder?" said I, for the sake of saying something.

"Where! Oh, it is Gustav Holm," said Thomas; "he is coming from the green bog, I am sure; none equal to it for miles round. We must make him join us. Mr. Holm! Mr. Holm! Good morning, Mr. Holm!" The gentleman stopped, and then came towards us. When introduced as a cousin of the family at—gaard, who had arrived the day before, he honored me with those peculiarly amiable looks which men are wont to bestow upon their rivals, and I forthwith commenced a rapid volley of questions.

"Any sport to be had at the green bog to-day?" asked I, sticking to him like a burr, notwithstanding his evident desire to shake me off. Mr. Holm was exceedingly taciturn; and if either of us were "an idiot," as he called me last night, I am sure it was not myself.

I will do Jette a kindness while I have it in my power, thought I; and I invited Mr. Holm to accompany us back to—gaard. "You are acquainted with my uncle's family, I believe; I think I have heard my cousin mention your name." The poor lover colored up to his ears. "Hanne will not quarrel with me for having invited you, I think," I further observed, with malice aforethought. His embarrassment increased as he

stammered forth his excuse; but as I would accept of none, he was forced to give way, and I brought my prisoner in triumph to —gaard. "Thomas will bear witness before the ladies of the amount of persuasion I was obliged to employ, and they will know how to appreciate the sacrifice you have made in their behalf," said I, arch-traitor that I was.

Arrived at the garden-gate, Mr. Holm made another attempt to excuse himself; but Thomas, who was amused at the contest between us, ran on to announce him, and he had no choice but to follow. "You will be the loser by my companionship," said he, "for I am suffering from a dreadful headache."

"A good dinner will soon set that to rights; and, should you stand in need of a smelling-bottle, I make no doubt my betrothed can supply you with one, as she, too, is suffering from a similar ailment. There must be something in the air that has given you both headaches!" Mr. Holm writhed like a worm under my covert satire, and at the word *betrothed* he looked as if some sharp instrument had pierced him unawares. It was too bad of me, I own; but then think of the *dédommagement* I had in store for him!

Neither the Justitsraad nor his wife seemed over-pleased at the arrival of the unexpected guest, but they gave him, nevertheless, a hospitable reception, and placed him between them at table. Could they do more?

Thomas was inexhaustible on the subject of our having compelled Mr. Holm to give himself up to us as prisoner, and of how courageously he had defended himself. Poor Jette did not venture to lift her eyes from her plate.

"Mr. Holm knows that he is always welcome," said the Justitsraad; but it was evident that this observation emanated rather from a sense of politeness than from genuine feelings of kindness.

"I knew it, uncle, and I told him so. Hanne spoke so favorably of him this morning, that I was quite anxious to make his acquaintance. The friends of this family must also be my friends. I was sure that Hanne would not be displeased with me for bringing him home with us."

"I!—Why, what on earth have I said?" exclaimed Hanne, with a deep sigh. "How can you say so? I believe—"

"That I am given to repeat what I hear, and cannot keep a secret," I interrupted; "and there I think you are right."

Her parents looked thunderstruck, Jette threw an inquiring glance at her, whilst Gustav did his utmost to force a smile.

Hanne was angry, evidently on the brink of losing her temper, and, as time was precious, I lost not a moment in effecting a reconciliation.

"I really believe that you are not quite in your senses to-day, Carl," whispered Hanne, as we rose from table.

"You are right, Hanne; but why did you help me so plentifully to wine last night? It is a just retribution. He who digs a pit for another falls into it himself. *Nec lex est justior ulla*—but who expects such a wicked puss as you to understand Latin?"

"I tell you what, cousin, I begin to wish you the stupid, silent simpleton we were led to imagine you."

"Take care! there is no knowing what another week may bring about. I may have a relapse, and

then, perhaps, you'll regret your harum-scarum kinsman and wish him back again."

The Justitsraad took my arm, and we went into the garden to smoke our cigars. I felt very much inclined to make a run for it, so much did I dread a tête-à-tête with him; it was only the idea of my serious conversation with Jette, whose sole hope and stay I was, that kept me on the spot. I was also anxious to avoid fighting the enemy by detachments; I infinitely preferred a general engagement, but had no choice, and was obliged to follow him.

"Hark ye, my boy," said the Justitsraad, when our cigars were lighted, "I am not at all pleased at your having brought that Mr. Holm here. He is a very estimable person, but—his company happens, just now, to be rather superfluous. The fact is, you ought to be the last person to bring him to this house."

"Why so? I meditated cultivating his friendship. Hanne speaks of him in such very favorable terms."

"Hanne! Oh, the deuce a bit does Hanne care for him; she is but a child."

"A child! and on the twelfth of November she will be seventeen years old! No, no, uncle; girls cease to be children at ten."

"But I tell you that Hanne cares for him as little as he cares for her."

"Then so much the better, uncle! In that case there can be no danger in allowing him to come here."

"Danger! I do not consider him dangerous, but I do not like to see him go about with that doleful, hang-dog looking face."

"Oh, I'll put some spirit in him; let me alone for that; it will be an easy matter, when once he is a daily guest at your house."

"D— it! then let me tell you, in plain terms, he is in love with Jette; now do you understand me?"

"How know you that, uncle?"

"How do I know it? Hem! That is neither here nor there. Enough that I do know it. Jetty does not like him, that I also know. But his sighing and pining may compromise her in the eyes of the world, and therefore is it advisable that he should cease his visits."

Aha! so Jetty does not like him! Crafty fellow, this good uncle of mine, thought I. To deceive him a little were no very crying sin.

"Will you now allow that I am right, and that it is better that he should avoid the house?" asked he.

"Why, as to his being in love with Jette, that is nothing very dreadful; so am I! She is a nice, pretty girl, and if you close your doors on all who hold her as such, why, we may as well dub ourselves hermits at once."

"Well, of all the singular fellows!—why, man, you seem to forget that you'll shortly be her husband!"

"Nothing like a little toleration, good uncle mine. Jealousy and suspicion were never yet of use. Besides, you say that Jetty does not like my new friend."

"Well, as to that, she bears the man no positive dislike, but his presence embarrasses her—embarrasses her; and when she is embarrassed—" it was evident that the old gentleman knew more than he chose to say; he was but a sorry diplomatist.

"Oh, trust me, her embarrassments will wear off when she becomes a little more accustomed to his presence."

The Justitsraad stared at me in the utmost surprise. "I wish that you had never travelled," said he, "your morals are none the better for it, I fear. It is difficult for me to conceive that you are the same person whom, eleven years ago, I knew as a retiring, bashful boy. And your father, who always wrote that you were unchanged, why, he will scarce know you again, I am sure."

"Most likely he will not, uncle; I hardly know myself; but travelling, as you are aware, works wonders in one's character."

"It must have been in Berlin that the change took place in you; for your letters from Vienna, and which your father forwarded to me, gave no evidence of your having become such a dashing, off-hand fellow as I find you are."

"To that charge I plead guilty; but, believe me, I have never done anything really wrong. I am only too prone to follow the impulses of the moment, regardless of the consequences."

"Well, you are young, and I must not be too severe upon you," he replied. "It was in Berlin, then, that you discarded your staid, steady habits, and took to the character of a scape-grace? And I, who always fancied Berlin such a decorous, exemplary city, where one might send one's sons, without the least fear of their moral contamination! Well, well, we will bury in oblivion all the wild scenes you must have passed through ere your metamorphosis was accomplished. We must all endure some such ordeal, and I trust your wild oats are sown at last."

"Oh, no, indeed, far from it. I feel that I am in the very midst of sowing-time; but I promise you that it will soon be past. Meanwhile, let me crave your indulgence beforehand, in case my youthful indiscretions should somewhat exceed their legitimate bounds."

"You are an odd fellow, nephew, but I cannot be angry with you."

"Oh, may you always feel so kindly towards me!" exclaimed I, pressing his hand. It was not without reason that I thus appealed to his indulgence; I knew that I should stand highly in need of it the next morning.

I gradually led the conversation back to Gustav Holm, and soon perceived that, in fact, the Justitsraad had nothing to urge against him. Holm's position was in every respect good, and he would have considered him an eligible match for one of his daughters, had they not been otherwise disposed of. But the family alliance projected in Jette's childhood had taken such hold on his mind that it would have been difficult to persuade him to give it up.

Here our conversation ended, and we went in search of the rest of the party, whom we found on the swing-hill. Hanne was busy fastening a bit of paper to one of the posts of the swing.

"What are you about, child?" asked her father.

"I am gibbeting Carl's name, as a well-deserved punishment for all that he has said and done to-day," she answered, continuing her occupation. "Only think, he calls my swing a gibbet! There, now! there it is, and there it shall remain, to his infamy and disgrace, when he is gone! It is but fair that we should have something to remind us of him."

Nemesis! thought I. My feelings at this moment must have resembled those of Charles the

Fifth's, when he witnessed his own funeral. Ah! we ought never to laugh at such solemn matters, for who knows what may happen?

But it was still fair weather for me. Hanne was the life and soul of the party, and her gayety proved contagious. Even Jette became somewhat more talkative. I had taken possession of the unhappy lover's arm, that I might, as if unintentionally, lead him to Jette's side, but the cautious girl avoided our approach, and Gustav had not the courage to begin even a common-place conversation. I felt sorry for them, poor things! We must try our luck in the grove, thought I; there the paths are narrow, and we shall necessarily be more separated one from the other. And so I led the way to the grove; but on the way thither a servant came up to announce that visitors had arrived.

"Visitors!"—that word froze the blood in my veins. Visitors! that is to say, traitors, who either know me or that hateful cousin, and who will reveal my incognito. I am in a fine fix again! And the "serious conversation," what will become of it if I am obliged to be off so soon?

"Visitors!" said Hanne, "oh how tiresome!"

The servant mentioned the names of a respectable family in the neighborhood; they were quite unknown to me. But to my cousin, my second self—

"Visitors!" said I, crest-fallen, "do I know them? Pray, somebody have the kindness to tell me whether I know them."

They all laughed, and assured me that I was not acquainted with them. It was a family who had a few years back exchanged an estate in Jutland for one in Sealand, and with whom the Justitsraad's family was not on terms of intimacy. I again breathed freely, and we all returned to the house. Gustav availed himself of the opportunity to take his leave; the Justitsraad did not persuade him to stay, and at that moment I was too much taken up with my own affairs to meddle in those of others. The dear Jutlanders came most inopportunately for us all.

Fortunately, I had never met any of them before, and I shall not be sorry if I never see them again. They were a tiresome set, and deprived me of the happiest afternoon, and evening too, in my life. My cousins devoted themselves to the young ladies, and the Justitsraad and his wife conversed with the old people, and it fell to my lot to entertain the son and his tutor. I looked at my watch a hundred times; I prognosticated a thunder-storm; I recounted several accidents which had befallen friends of mine when going home late at night, but all in vain; all that I gained for my trouble were some caustic remarks from Hanne, and when at length the visitors rose to depart, she persuaded them to remain to supper, saying, "You will not, I hope, refuse my cousin's first request?"—and thus compelled me to seal my own doom.

We went to table in pairs with all possible solemnity, and, availing myself for the first time of my rights, I offered my arm to Jette. She accompanied me like a lamb doomed to the sacrifice, and soon informed me that she still suffered from headache. Head-aches are most convenient expedients for ladies; I do not know what they would do if there were no such thing as a head-ache.

It was impossible to say a word without being overheard by the tutor, who sat on the other side of Hanne. At length I succeeded in engaging him in a conversation with her, and, having done this, I prepared to make the best of my time: but Fate

was not propitious that evening. Suddenly, I heard the strange gentleman pronounce my name. I was terrified, petrified. It was as if some one had called "Stop thief!" I nearly let my fork drop out of my hand.

"He is the man," continued the strange gentleman, "address yourself to him; he will take all the corn you can send him, and is reasonable in his demands. I have known him for many years."

My father was the person in question.

"I will take what you say into consideration. I never heard the name of the firm before. And Son, did you say? Is his son a partner?"

"No; but such has been the name of the firm for many years," said the strange gentleman, whom I regarded as my personal enemy. "The head of the house has indeed a son, but he is a great scamp, and his father is too prudent a man to make him his partner. He was obliged to send him to Hamburg, as he was always getting into scrapes at home; but I am told that he did not behave better there."

"I pity his father!" said the Justitsraad.

A good reputation is a good thing, thought I. My name has been twice gibbeted to-day. Both that and my person are now contraband at—gaard. Cruel fate! I was silent during the rest of the evening. Why might not I plead the privilege of a head-ache! At all events, there was good cause for my having one; and I was in anything but a pleasant frame of mind when I took leave of the company who had stayed to supper for my sake!

"I hope that you will soon do us the pleasure to bring your betrothed over to see us," said the monster who had destroyed my reputation.

I found it difficult to conceal my embarrassment, and I am sure that Jette could not have felt more ill at that moment than I did.

"Are they not charming people?" said Hanne. "The young ladies have promised to come to see us at least twice a week. But you have been horribly dull this evening, cousin."

"If so, I have only conformed to your wishes expressed at dinner to-day," replied I.

"Let me see that you are always so obedient. Good night! I command you to resume your good spirits; for, after all, they become you best." And she offered me her little hand in token of reconciliation.

"Will you meet me in the grove to-morrow before breakfast? I must speak to you alone," whispered Jette, almost in tears, as I kissed her hand, which trembled in mine as I pressed it in reply to her request. She little knew how well I understood her.

Well, I am not out of the wood yet, said I to myself, as I set my bed-room window ajar. Shall I accept the respite offered me by Fate, or shall I fly, and leave poor Jette, whom—whom I cannot, after all, help out of her difficulties? Then why should I stay here any longer? I shall only be getting myself deeper and deeper in the mire. I have had warnings enough; the gibbet, my Hamburg character, the many frights I have had to-day. To-night I am cross, and shall probably not feel the separation as much as I should to-morrow. One day more in Hanne's company and I might betray my feelings for her. And in case of a discovery, how should I excuse the prolonged mystification? By my love for Hanne? A pretty excuse indeed! But am I really in love with her? *I in love!* And if I were, would the Justitsraad give his daughter to a fellow like myself, who owes his first introduction to this family to a piece of unheard-of

impudence, and who is "a great scamp?" Shall I get into the tree, and perch myself opposite to Jette's window, like a chirping bird, and confess my guilt, and then decamp? or shall I go to bed and let matters take their course until to-morrow? I will count my buttons. Must—must not—must! I must go to bed. Well, then, I will go to bed, which I dare say I should have done in any case. But to go to bed in love—that has never happened to me before; smitten, but not in love. Surely I am not more than smitten! It is against my nature to be in love; but smitten to a tremendous extent, over head and ears smitten. Oh, the lovely little Hanne! why is she so little and so lovely? And why are they all so confiding? They may thank themselves for the whole business. They forced me into this cousinship. I came to this place guileless, innocent as a babe, with such honest intentions! *Apropos* of honest intentions, I must shut the window in time. What Gustav and Jette have to say to each other is no business of mine; I will not be an eaves-dropper; it would be against my better feelings. Would it? I can scarcely refrain from laughing at myself. When did such scruples ever intrude themselves on me before? My infernal recklessness has hitherto got the better of nobler impulses. I am not bad at bottom. I know that my heart is in the right place, and I may turn out well after all. I'll win the regard of these good people yet. But, alas! it will be long, very long, ere I shall be able to do so; and, in the mean time—no, smitten is not the word, I am positively in love.

I went to bed a love-stricken man, and shut my eyes and ears, that I might not hear what took place at the trysting-hour outside my window, and that I might the sooner fall asleep and dream of Hanne. I succeeded; for I heard nothing, and dreamt of Hanne the live-long night and a good part of the morning. Thomas came to my door and rallied me for being a sluggard, the rascal! I was just then swinging with Hanne, and would gladly have given the Asiatic company's whole store of tea to be allowed to dream on undisturbed.

The family were all at breakfast when I made my appearance. Jette was pale; her head-ache was better, but she still felt weak. Hanne and her father bantered me about the visitors of yesterday, who had so obviously put me out of humor, and about my having prognosticated a thunderstorm and every possible accident, in order to get rid of them.

"But I find that you are not weather-wise, cousin; and, to prevent your exposing your ignorance in future, I will make you a present of a barometer on your next birth-day. When is that important day?"

"It is old-fashioned to celebrate birth-days, Hanne," said I, "and I am not going to tell you when mine is."

"We are old-fashioned people in this house, and we shall therefore expect that in future you will spend each anniversary of your birth-day with us," she continued. "And now I will try your memory as to ours. When is mine?"

"On the 13th of November next you will be seventeen."

"Right. And Jette's? How old is she?"

This was another dreadful fix, but it served me right; why did I not make my exit last night, while matters were still safe?

"Well! And Jette's and father's, and mother's? Let us have them all at once. Now we shall hear how well versed he is in the family chronicles!"

"Are you really in earnest with your examination? Do you think it possible that I can have forgotten them?" asked I, offended. "I will not answer your questions!" This gave me a slight turn. When are people soonest offended? Answer: When they are in the wrong.

"One might think anything possible, as far as regards you," said Hanne. "As it annoyed you to be asked if you were engaged to be married, it might perhaps trouble you to remember the birthday of your betrothed. Only think, he does not wear his ring because he does not choose to answer the questions it might give rise to. As if it were customary to ask such questions!"

"It is, however, sometimes done," said I. "For example, I now ask, what is the meaning of the little ring which you wear?" I did not feel at all comfortable during this conversation, and wished myself far away.

"When we do so we are considered impertinent, and get no answer," said the little witch, blushing. She was vexed and turned away from me.

"Can you not agree, children?" asked the Justitsraad. "I foresee that you two will always be quarrelling; you are too much alike to keep on good terms."

"You flatter me, uncle," said I; "I wish it were true."

"I do not," said Hanne, "and will dispense with the compliment. I hate capricious men, and it is fortunate for you that you are not engaged to me; Jette is much too good, and will submit to your caprices!"

Jette looked imploringly at her, and Hanne was instantly at her side. "For your sake I will forgive him," said she, kissing her sister; "but believe me he will be an insufferable husband if you do not in time cure him of his whims. He ought to be made to answer the questions that are put to him."

Jette hid her confusion in her sister's bosom, and I buried my face in my cup. Hanne offered me her hand.

"Do you repent of your sins?"

"From the bottom of my heart."

"Will you beg pardon and promise to behave better in future?"

"Yes, I acknowledge that I am a great sinner, but I will reform and ask your forgiveness," said I, kissing her hand, from which I reluctantly withdrew my lips.

"There, that is enough. Now ask Jette's pardon for having been naughty in her presence," continued she, "and humbly kiss her hand. That will do, and now kiss her lips."

Poor Jette colored very much at this proposal, nor did I feel less disconcerted. I felt that it would be going too far, but what was I to do? Dear reader! I was obliged to kiss Miss Jette, but do not judge me too severely. I did it in the most respectful manner possible; it could scarcely be called a kiss, and yet it burned my lips like fire. But how it burned my conscience—let me be silent about that.

"He does it very nicely, considering what a harum-scarum fellow he is," said Hanne, as she stood with folded hands looking on while her order was being put into execution. "I declare one might take it to be his first essay!"

"And with it peace is concluded," said the Justitsraad, "and it shall be a general and enduring peace both on land and on water, as all treaties of peace say, that is to say, until some new differ-

ence arises. And that this may not take place for another hour, we will leave the ladies, and go and have a look at the horse which I bought yesterday, and I shall see whether my nephew is as good a judge of horse-flesh as he is of the Hamburg theatre!"

"Let Carl alone," said my aunt, "or you will make him heartily tired of us. One cross-examines him in the family chronicles, another in the veterinary science; nothing is wanting but that I should try him in the art of cooking. Do not answer their questions, Carl; be always of their opinion, and of all things mind that you admire the horse, for my husband himself bought it. If you do not at once, on examining its teeth, pronounce it to be a fine young animal, with every imaginable virtue, you will be looked upon as an ignoramus."

"That may be his fate at all events," said Hanne.

"But true peace has been proclaimed, and I recall my words."

An hour before luncheon I stole into the grove to wait for Jette. My heart throbbled as I listened to every distant footstep; if I had not kissed her I should have been more at my ease. Ought I to make her acquainted with my treachery?—perhaps it would be best to do so—but the kiss—will she forgive it?

I descried her white dress at a distance, and was tempted to play at hide-and-seek with her, and to give her some trouble to find me; but just at the right moment I remembered that it was the duty of a gallant to be the first at the rendezvous, and I therefore walked towards her. When she perceived me she stopped and changed color. Poor girl, how much I pitted her! She could not utter a word; I led her to a bench.

"Cousin," said she, at length, "you are no doubt surprised, and with reason, that I should request a private interview with you. If you knew how painful this meeting is to me you would pity me."

"Madam, I owe you an explanation, and I thank you for having given me an opportunity—"

"Dear cousin, do not be angry with me, do not speak to me in that formal manner; it only makes the step I am about to take, and which must not be postponed, more painful. It is I who owe you an explanation—alas! an explanation which will deprive me of your esteem and your friendship. Indeed I am very unhappy!"

"Do not weep, dear cousin; you little know how it grieves me to see you so miserable, and how earnestly I desire to see you happy. It would be an indescribable satisfaction to me could I do ought to promote your happiness."

As my words bore a double meaning, they produced a painful effect on Jette, and her tears flowed faster.

"There is consolation to be found under every misfortune," continued I; "the Almighty allows the antidote to grow by the side of the poisonous plant. Tell me what distresses you; permit me to offer my sympathy at least, if not my aid, and do not doubt my desire to serve you; even should it be beyond my power to do so."

"Do not speak so gently to me, Carl," exclaimed Jette with warmth; "you must not, for I do not deserve so much kindness. If you would be merciful, say that you hate, that you abhor me."

"If I said so, I should only be deceiving you. No, Jette, in this I cannot indulge you."

"You must hate me, you must abhor me!" continued she, weeping, "if you knew—oh! I shall

never be able to tell it—if you knew—how unhappy I am. Could I—”

“Dear Jette,” said I, moved, “you have come here to have an explanation with me; allow me to make the task easy for you, and to lighten your heart of a burden which is almost too much for you to bear. You wish to break your engagement with me; I know it!”

“You know it?” she exclaimed, terrified and almost fainting. “Have pity on me, Carl, leave me to myself for a few moments; I cannot collect my thoughts, I dare not look at you;” and, saying this, she buried her face in her handkerchief and sobbed aloud. I raised her hand to my lips and left her.

Much distressed, I wandered to and fro in the grove. What shall I do? thought I. The poor girl will die of grief if she does not get rid of her cousin. Gustav is a noble fellow; her father admits that he is an excellent match, and his judgment may be depended upon in such cases; her cousin must be a thorough ass, since he engaged himself merely at his father's command to a girl whom he did not know. Besides, he lacks the power of pleasing, which is a fault not to be forgiven, and he is a milk-sop, who allows himself to be cowed by a cold in the head; she would be miserable with him. Jette is a girl of deep feeling—he is a stupid fellow, devoid of any; he does not even feel an interest in her, or he would have been here long ago. He shall not marry her. What if I were to advise them to elope before I take my departure, or we were all three to run away together? Nonsense! Is this a time to be thinking of such frolics! Nevertheless, they ought to elope, for that would at once put an end to the claims of my *alter ego*. The deuce is in it. There she sits weeping, so that the very stones must feel for her. Suppose that I play the part of cousin to the end, and renounce her hand in favor of Gustav. Well would it become me, indeed, to enact the generous, self-denying lover. Then matters would be settled, and when the real cousin arrives, he would be obliged to turn to the right about with a vengeance. We might spare him the unpleasant scene by writing by post to say that Jette has broken the engagement. I will do that; yes, positively, I will! It is evident that I was sent hither by Eros himself; what other being on the face of the earth could settle this matter as well as I! But what right have I to decide the fate of a fellow-being, one whom I have never seen? Right! It is time indeed to talk about right, when I have been doing nothing but wrong for the last six-and-thirty hours. But let us put conscience aside—it would be rather in the way just now. I know that my conduct has been most unjustifiable, but I will redeem it by doing a good deed. Some, at least, will think kindly of me when I am gone; and Hanne will judge him who has laid the foundation of her sister's happiness less harshly. Now to work; there is no time to lose.

Jette was still sitting on the bench; I seated myself by her side, and endeavored to tranquillize her. “I owe you an explanation,” said I; “let me say in a few words what you would have said to me. You do not love me, you love Gustav Holm. Him you have every reason to love, but none to love me. Now you wish to explain all this to me, and to break our engagement. You desire that I should submit to my fate, like a good Christian, without making any sentimental parade. And all this you wish done the sooner the better.

Am I right, Jette, or is there anything else you wish to confide to me?”

She hid her face in her hands. “My window was open last night,” continued I, “and I overheard your conversation with Gustav Holm, and of course immediately knew what I had to expect. You will, I hope, believe that I have too much feeling to force you into marrying me. Forgive me for having caused you pain and anxiety. I would most willingly have informed you long ago, that, far from being your enemy, I was your staunch and firm ally.”

“Dear, kind Carl! Noble soul! You have given me my liberty, and with it life! The Almighty has heard my prayers! You do not know how I have prayed that you might find me detestable.”

“Then your prayer has not been granted,” said I; “for if you could love me I would never wish a happier lot. I love you and Hanne more than I can express.” It was truth, every word that I said; I felt that it was.

Jette grasped my hand and pressed it to her heart. “You have relieved my mind of a burden,” said she; “and oh that I had words to express my gratitude!”

I was almost ashamed to receive her thanks and praise. What an indescribable feeling it is to make our fellow-beings happy!

When the first moments of happy surprise were past, we consulted about how we should obtain her father's consent. I told her his opinion of Gustav, and founded the best hopes on it.

Jette shook her head. “He will nevertheless require that I should fulfil my promise,” said she. “He will not give up a project which he has cherished for so many years. It grieves me to think that I am to be the cause of so much pain to him.”

“Well, then, marry me.”

“Do not jest, Carl; all my hopes are centred in you.”

“Then I will be off without delay, and leave a letter behind me breaking our engagement. That will settle the matter, I think.”

“I beseech you not to leave us; you are the only person who can persuade my father to give his consent,” said she; “for you have already gained great influence over him.”

“Then let us confess all to him. I will say that I have discovered that you love Gustav Holm and not me, and that I would not accept your hand without your heart.”

“Oh, what a dreadful moment that will be! I tremble at the thought of it. You do not know what he is when he is angry.”

“Or would you prefer eloping with Gustav? Like a good cousin, I will give you all the assistance in my power.”

“That would be a still greater grief to my father; and he has always been so kind and loving towards me.”

“If we could only get hold of Gustav, matters would soon be settled. After all, matters often turn out less formidable than our fears led us to anticipate. Your own personal experience during the last half hour must satisfy you of that.”

“Gustav will soon be here. He knows that I had requested an interview with you. He was to meet me in the grove. He was to come—”

“He was to come when I had gone,” interrupted I laughing. “It was very cleverly arranged. But now he must be satisfied to come while I am

here. Perhaps he is not far off; I will go and see. Mr. Holm! Mr. Holm!" called I loudly several times. "He knows, since yesterday, my manner of giving an invitation, and, no doubt, will soon make his appearance. Good morning, Mr. Holm!" repeated I.

"Pray do not call him; others may hear you!" said Jette. "Oh, how will all this end?"

"Well, I hope. See! there we have the lover!"

Gustav came running towards us; but it was evident that he did not know whether he was to regard me as friend or foe.

"Gustav! Carl!" exclaimed Jette, and sunk on a bench. She was so overjoyed that she could not utter another word; but the expression of her eyes, which were fixed on us, completed the sentence.

I took Holm by the hand and led him to Jette. He fell at her feet; she threw her arms round his neck; and I leaned over them, contemplating my work with a joyful heart.

I heard footsteps; Hanne and the Justitsraad stood before us. The lovers did not notice their coming, and I made signs to the father and sister to be silent, but in vain.

"What the devil is this?" exclaimed the Justitsraad. "What does this mean? But—but, Carl, what are you doing here?"

"I am dispensing my cousinly blessing, and bestowing full absolution; and I think that you ought to do the same, uncle," said I, in as calm a voice as I could command. This was the moment to show pluck. Gustav started up, and Jette threw herself into her sister's arms.

"Sir!" said Gustav imploringly to the Justitsraad.

"Mr. Holm!" said the Justitsraad angrily.

"Dear uncle!" interrupted I, "allow me to speak. Gustav loves Jette, and Jette returns his sentiments, and I am nothing more nor less than Cousin Carl. I am not such a fool as to wish to force a woman to become my wife when her heart belongs to another, and after mature consideration I have thought it right to break my engagement with Jette. Happy I could not, and *unhappy I would not*, make her! There stands the bridegroom, waiting only for your blessing. Give it, uncle, and let this day be the most blessed in my life; it is the first time that I have ever had it in my power to make others happy."

Good heavens, what a storm ensued! The Justitsraad raved and foamed like a maniac, and would not listen to reason. Of course, I came in for my share of his anger. I begged and implored—Jette wept.

"I will write to your father this very day," said the Justitsraad, at length. "He alone can release me from my promise. But that he will not do. No—I know he will not. This connexion between our families has been too many years his darling idea, as it has also been mine."

"He will be obliged to do so," said I. "I will leave this place to-day, and you shall never more hear of me. So far a father's authority does not extend. I will not gratify his caprices at the expense of Jette's happiness. Dear uncle, be persuaded!—you are released from your promise! Give your blessing to Gustav and Jette, and let me battle the rest with my father. The affections cannot be controlled. Jette does not love me, and surely you ought not to take a less liberal view of the question than I do."

"Liberal! liberal! He is always talking such

nonsense," said the Justitsraad, in an angry tone. "There he is again with his Berlin liberalism! It was in Berlin that his principles and notions were totally perverted."

Berlin liberalism! Well, this is the first time I ever heard any one complain of it; but what will not people say when they are angry!

"Be it so; it was in Berlin that my principles were perverted, and so totally perverted, according to uncle, that I—betrothed myself in that city to another lady, and cannot break with her; and polygamy is forbidden both in this country and in Prussia." This invention, the idea of which occurred to me as if by inspiration, was a poser; what signifies one falsehood more or less! I was Jesuitical enough at this moment to console myself with Loyola's maxim that the end hallows the means.

"Betrothed!" exclaimed the Justitsraad, "betrothed in Berlin! To deceive me in such a manner! Let me tell you, Carl—"

"Betrothed!" said Hanne; "you are indeed a fine fellow, cousin! That is the reason he does not wear the ring Jette gave him. And I was just admiring his noble self-denial!"

Jette, on the one side of me, stretched out her hand to me, and Gustav on the other gave me his; theirs were well meant congratulations.

"Yes, betrothed!" continued I. "Now abuse me, hate me, curse me, do with me as you like, but betrothed I am and must remain!"

This was settling the matter at once. The Justitsraad's anger gradually subsided; he was *au fond* a good-natured man, and did not long withstand our united prayers; and fear of the scandal this affair might create had also its share in pacifying him. "You are a wild fellow, Carl, and Jette may congratulate herself upon being well rid of you. But she shall not suffer for your mad tricks." He took her hand and placed it in Gustav's. "Your happiness must make amends to me for the hope *he* has destroyed; it was for many years my most cherished hope," added he with a sigh. "What will my brother say, when he hears all these stories?"

Jette threw her arms round her father's neck and almost fainted in his arms; we others gathered round him, and there was no end to embracings and expressions of affection.

"Now let us go to mother," said Hanne, "and end the revolution there. I would not be in your place, cousin, for a trifle; you will catch it, I can tell you!"

"You shall be my advocate, Hanne, and defend my cause; it is only under your protection that I can venture to present myself before my aunt. Take me under your wings! Let me cling to you!" I threw my arm round her, and wanted to kiss her, if I remember right.

"Gently! gently! Sir cousin, you are no longer my future brother, and all such liberties must cease. Remember your betrothed in Berlin."

Alas, by insuring the happiness of others I had materially compromised my own. The Justitsraad, Hanne, and I walked before; the betrothed followed. When we had got within a few steps of the house, we saw the farm servants going to their work. "Come this way, good folks," said I to them. "After this day's work you are to have a merry evening; you must drink to the Justitsraad's health, and dance with all your might in honor of Miss Jette's betrothal. Hurrah for Miss Jette and Mr. Holm!"

"Hurrah!" repeated the people, and thus a public declaration of the betrothal was made.

"Stop, stop, you satan's imp!" said the Justitsraad, "don't turn the place topsy-turvy! A merry evening, forsooth! Drink to my health, indeed! The boy will drive us all crazy!"

My aunt heard the noise, and came to the door. "What in the world does all this mean?" she asked. I concealed myself behind Hanne.

"A complete revolution, my dear," said the Justitsraad, "which that vagabond Carl has effected. After the luncheon-bell had been ringing for a long while without these good folks making their appearance, Hanne and I went to the grove to look for them, expecting, of course, to find Carl at Jette's feet; but no such thing, some one else was there, and Carl was just in the act of giving them his blessing. Oh, yes, it is a very edifying story! Come in, and I will tell you the rest, and you will see how *he* has been travelling. He is betrothed in Berlin, and possibly in Hamburg, in Paris, in Vienna, and Heaven knows where besides. He is a rare fellow! a pretty serpent we have been cherishing in our bosoms!"

My aunt was soon reconciled, and gave her maternal blessing to the betrothed. They wanted me to be their son-in-law and brother-in-law, which I cannot deny was very flattering; but when that could not be, they received Gustav with open arms, for they all esteemed and liked him. We were as joyous as children; and I should have been perfectly happy, had not the many sincere and kind wishes for my happiness, and that of my unknown friend in Berlin, fallen like drops of molten lead on my ear, and had it not been necessary to think of soon leaving this circle forever. My proposal to spend the day entirely among ourselves, was adopted, and "not at home," was the order of the day. Let me but live undisturbed to the end of this day, thought I, and I will not ask more of Dame Fortune, who has hitherto so faithfully befriended me.

Such a day as that I had never spent before. You will perhaps think it strange, dear reader, that I should make any reference to my good conscience, and without hesitation declare that the consciousness of the good deed I had done, and the happiness which I had brought about, did make me enjoy that day, and yet it was the case. Jette was right when she said that I had already great influence over her father, and I can with truth assert that it was alone owing to my exertions that the events of the day passed off so well. But I did not spare myself, and my gayety, which knew no bounds, would allow no one to have a serious thought, much less to pronounce a serious word. I forced them to get up a little dance in the summer-house, which lay at the further extremity of the garden. The Justitsraad sent for two fiddlers who lived in the hamlet close by; his wife supplied sheets and table-cloths, which were to serve as drapery; the young ladies twined garlands of flowers; and Gustav and I fabricated chandeliers out of hoops and green leaves. Every one was at work, and by the evening the decorations were completed, and the servants declared that they had never before seen anything so beautiful—but they had never before celebrated Miss Jette's betrothal.

"You are a devilish clever fellow, Carl!" said the Justitsraad; "why, you have arranged everything so nicely that I declare we might have a real ball here. If I were not afraid that my wife and daughters would object to it I should like to give

one; but it is useless to talk about it; they would not give their consent, I know."

Hanne threw her arms round her father's neck; he was taken at his word, and now nothing was talked of but the ball which was to take place in a few days to celebrate Jette's betrothal.

"We must write the invitations immediately," said Hanne; "the servants will not begin to dance for an hour yet, and in the mean time we have nothing to do. Let us have pen, ink, and paper; I will dictate, and Carl shall write; it must be done at once. To-morrow morning we will send out the invitations, and then the most tedious part will be over."

"That is to say, then I shall not be able to take back my word," said the Justitsraad; "I know you, you cunning little thing!"

Hanne laughed.

"Come, cousin, mend your pen—you write a good hand. Here are cards and there is the ink," said Jette.

I write! Indeed I shall not though, thought I; I will take precious good care not to do that. "Let Gustav write, I have cut my finger," said I, looking round for Gustav; but both he and Jette had disappeared.

"Cut your finger? Let me see!" said Hanne. "No, you have not! Gustav and Jette have gone into the garden, and you may as well write the invitations first as last."

"But I have really hurt my finger, Hanne; it is very painful and swollen; I shall not be able to write legibly."

"Or you are consummately lazy, that is the truth," said Hanne. "At all events you must help me to take down the names of the persons to be invited, before I forget them; and for that your bad writing is good enough. We will begin with our neighbors, who were here yesterday. Thammeraad and Mrs. Tvede, two daughters, son and tutor; have you them?" Hanne leaned over and looked at the paper. "But what in the world is that?" asked she.

"Thammeraad and Tvede, two daughters, son and tutor. I have written in Greek characters, because I cannot write any other kind with this finger."

"I cannot read them, odious thing that you are!" exclaimed Hanne.

"Then you must learn to do so, Hanne. Tit for tat; if you force me to write lists of names, I will force you to read Greek."

"Bravo!" said the Justitsraad, laughing heartily; "that is the way to treat girls, else they'll get the upper hand of us."

And mid many a merry jest, we at length got the list written; the last name on it was that of my good uncle, the worthy pastor of —inge parish, whom I had intended to visit, and whose guest I would be before next sunrise.

"Is he among your acquaintance?" asked I, surprised and alarmed.

"Why, he confirmed Jette and myself," answered Hanne. "He is an excellent, kind-hearted man, and therefore I left his name for the last. I cannot tell you how much we all like him. He shall also perform the marriage-service when I am to be married. You know him I think; at least, you used to see him here frequently when you were a child."

"Quite right, I remember him! He is a tall old man, with a black cap and hook nose; yes, I remember him perfectly!" This time, at all

events, I was not driven to have recourse to subterfuge. In a position like mine one grasps with avidity at every opportunity to speak the truth; it rises in value after drinking so deep of lies.

Our home-made chandelier looked very well, dancing had commenced, the fiddles squeaked to our hearts' content, and the floor resounded with the marvellous bounds which the men made in honor of Miss Jette's betrothal. I had waltzed with all the female servants, and danced the wild "Fangedands" with Hanne—a dance of the violent movements of which no idea can be formed unless one has seen it performed by the peasantry. A joyous spirit pervaded the whole company. Even the Justisraad was under its influence; and although he whispered one or more remarks in my ear, such as "I ought, in fact, to be angry with you for having played me that trick to-day," he was not in the least angry. But I, the originator of all this mirth and happiness, I sneaked about in the garden, in the grove, on the swing-hill, everywhere, like a very hypochondriac, in search of my former good spirits, but in vain. The time for my departure was drawing nigh.

Perhaps, dear reader, you think that I cannot be serious; but you do me injustice. If you had seen me wandering alone in the garden at—gaard that September night, while the others were dancing, you would alter your opinion. Allow me to conduct you to the swing-hill, from which there is by day an extensive prospect. Even at night this spot is not to be despised; the dark garden, which lies at the foot of the hill, looked like an impenetrable wood; the moon was in the first quarter, and consequently threw but a faint light on far-off objects; but on the Baltic it shed a bright lustre, and brought, as it were, the ocean-mirror much nearer than it was in reality. On the left, the house was only dimly perceptible peeping through the trees; on the right, the summer-house blazed with bright and festive lights; and thence resounded, ever and anon, the tramp of heavy feet keeping time to the tunes of the quadrille. All else was hushed, while behind me was the little grove, and above my head rose the swing, to one of the posts of which my name was still attached. Had you seen how carefully I took down the paper, had you seen me rocking myself to and fro in the seat which I had once shared with Hanne, while I contemplated the strange name which had become dearer to me than my own, because she had pronounced it and written it, you would have felt that I also had my serious moments. But characters such as mine seek concealment when in a serious mood, and do not make their appearance again until such mood be past.

I was surprised by Gustav and Jette, who were walking silently arm in arm, and who had by chance turned their steps towards the swing-hill.

"And why so serious, dear cousin?" said Jette. "All who are near and dear to me must be happy to-day, and I think that I may count you among those—you, whom I have to thank for my happiness! Come and participate in the joy you have created. Were not I convinced to the contrary, I might believe that you were grieving for the irreparable loss you had sustained in giving up your claim upon me, so serious do you look."

"Do not mock me, Jette. I have perhaps lost more this moment than aught will ever compensate me for."

"It is well that a certain lady in Berlin cannot hear what your politeness dictates in Sealand," said Jette. "But a truce to compliments, and let

us deal frankly with each other. After all, you cannot deny that you heartily rejoice at not being more nearly allied to us than you already are."

"Do you think so? But what if it were quite the contrary? what if the cause of my depressed state, if depressed I be, was my comprehending the impossibility of my ever being anything more to you than I am at present? what would you say then?"

"I could then only pity you, poor Carl! Who would have thought this a few hours ago?" asked Jette laughing.

"Then pity me, Jette; for in bidding adieu to—gaard my heart remains behind; and leave you shortly I must."

"Leave us?" asked Gustav. "Two days after your arrival? No, indeed you shall not."

"Go I must," continued I; "and perhaps I shall have vanished ere you are aware of it. I have my own peculiar ways of coming and going."

"But what new whim is this, Carl? I thought that you intended to stay with us some time longer? My father will not hear of your departure, I am sure."

"I must leave you dear, Jette. Believe me, circumstances render it necessary. Perhaps we may meet again; but if not, I will write to you, if you will permit me. And should I stand in need of an advocate when I am gone, will you plead my cause? You and Gustav will think of me with kindness, I know; and on the anniversary of this day our thoughts will meet at the bench in the grove, where my resignation was accepted."

They both held out their hands to me.

"But I cannot understand you, Carl," said Jette.

"You are so strange, so serious; you talk as if we were going to part forever. Perhaps you are going to settle in Berlin?"

"Speak not of Berlin, I beseech you, Jette. It was an evasion, an untruth inspired by the exigencies of the moment. I knew no better way of thwarting your father's plans, or I should not have been guilty of such gross fabrication. Alas! so far from being betrothed in Berlin, I have never even been there."

Jette drew back in amazement with a changed countenance. "Is it possible you have never been in Berlin? You have told a falsehood to help me! You are not engaged to be married?"

"Nor have ever been. I was never refused but once in my life," added I, smiling, as Jette gazed fixedly at me, "and that occurred this morning on the bench in the grove. Were it necessary, I could even name the exact hour."

"You are a noble being, Carl," said Jette, after a pause. "May God reward you—I cannot! But pray for you night and day I can and will." She was much affected, her voice trembled; Gustav pressed my hand.

"Dear friends," said I, "laud me not overmuch; the higher our exaltation the heavier our fall. Hear my story before you promise to pray for me, and let me tell you how I—But no, I had better be silent; do not listen to me. Promise, only promise, to remain my friends; and now let us join the dance. Will the bride do me the pleasure to waltz with me?"

We walked together towards the summer-house. In the pine-tree avenue we met Hanne, who, according to her own words, had been searching for human beings; she came close up before she saw us.

"Are you all deaf and dumb? Why, I have been calling and calling you, but could get no

answer; and here you are, stalking about like ghosts, frightening honest folk out of their senses! But I suppose that Carl has been disturbing the lovers, as usual; you ought to know that where Jette and Gustav are, there your company is not wanted!"

"No! I have not," answered I abruptly.

"No! Is that the way to speak to a lady! Be so good as to give a polite answer. I would advise you to mend your manners before you go abroad again, or you will do us no credit!" and she began to hum the well-known song of "Die Wiener in Berlin."

In Berlin, sagt er,
Muss Du fein, sagt er,
Und geschaut, sagt er,
Immer seyn, sagt er.

"The deuce take Berlin!" interrupted I.

"A most Christian sentiment, and gracefully expressed."

"Only think, Hanne! Carl has never been in Berlin, nor is he engaged! It was to gain my father's consent that he said so," said Jette, much moved.

"What! not engaged! Never been in Berlin! Well, then, he is as arch a deceiver as ever existed, that is all I can say. And to think of the cool impudence with which he trumped up the story! It is really too bad. Falsehood is the worst of vices, the root of all evil."

"No, idleness is the root of all evil, little Hanne."

"Is it, indeed! I declare he does not even know his catechism! I will set you a task to-morrow, and you shall repeat your lesson to me, and you shall not leave us until you are perfect in your catechism."

"But he says that he must go away to-morrow, Hanne," said Jette.

"Then we have no resource but to put him into confinement," said Hanne. "His bed-room door shall be bolted at night, and Thomas shall keep watch over him by day; that boy is like a burr, it will be no easy matter to elude his vigilance."

"Then I can escape through the window; that you cannot bolt."

"And break your neck? You shall attempt no such thing!"

"Oh, one may climb much higher than to my window without breaking one's neck," said I. Jette and Gustav blushed.

"We will talk the matter over to-morrow. Surely you will not leave us on the day of Jette's betrothal! Now give me your arm, and let us take a walk." We strolled about the garden by the light of the moon. The conversation was sometimes general, then again Hanne and I had it all to ourselves, as Gustav and Jette seemed to enjoy their happiness most when silent.

"Is it true? Do you really intend to leave us?" asked Hanne.

"It is but too true. I must leave this."

"And why, may I ask? Mind, do not tell me a falsehood."

"Because I have already been here too long; because a protracted stay among you—with you, dear Hanne, would prove fatal to my peace of mind."

"I begged you not to tell fibs, cousin! Is it quite impossible for you to speak the truth for two minutes together?"

"And is it impossible for you to speak seriously for two minutes together! What I have said is the truth."

"Nonsense! But tell me, is it true or not true that you are engaged in Berlin? Who have you deceived?—Jette and me, or my parents! Do for once speak the truth."

"If any one have been deceived, Hanne, then it is your father; could I have thought of aught else at the moment, I should not have had recourse to an expedient which I cannot otherwise justify."

"Very likely; but to deceive your own uncle! I can tell you, Carl, that you have by that act burdened your conscience with a great sin, with one almost as great as that of having deceived your cousins."

"It is a sin for which I trust you will grant me absolution. Ah, Hanne, the thought of my character appearing doubtful in your eyes was very painful to me; and from the first moment I grieved that I could not explain to you that it was but a pretext."

"I do not see that it at all concerns me whether you are engaged in Berlin or not. You may engage yourself in China for aught I care."

"In your light-heartedness you make a jest of everything, and yet it is you who have taught me that life has also its serious side. You have wrought a change in me, Hanne; if you knew the effect the first sight of you, the evening I came here, has had on my fate—"

"Well, what about it? What dreadful effect did that sight produce?" asked she, laughing.

"Dear Hanne, you unconsciously chose the right word when you called it dreadful. Yes, it will follow me like a severe judge, reproaching me with my folly; sleeping and waking, I will implore forgiveness. Look at me once more as you looked on that memorable evening and lulled my conscience to sleep, and tell me that you will not hate me. See, on my knees I beseech you to give me one look, one friendly word."

I had actually fallen on my knees and taken Hanne's hand.

"Let go my hand. You are squeezing it so hard that you hurt me; that does not belong to the part you are playing. Rise, cousin, else you will soil your dress; besides, I do not like to see people in such old-fashioned attitudes. You men ought to thank your stars that it has gone out of fashion to make love on the knees. Nothing can be more tasteless than such pastorals; to them belong a shepherd's hat, with green tassels, and lambs with red ribbons round their necks."

I rose quite abashed.

"You seem to be a good actor," continued Hanne; "when you come out to us next Christmas we must try to get up some private theatricals. How delightful that will be! Last year we were obliged to give them up, because no one would play the lover's part. Holm would on no account, although I consented to be his lady-love; and a play without love is like a ball without music."

"Let us speak seriously, Hanne. I am really going away; indeed, I may be gone when you least expect it, as I hate leave-taking. It is not without pain that I think of parting from my amiable cousins, for God knows when we shall meet again. You laugh; I cannot forbid your doing so, but it is nevertheless true that your image will follow me wherever I go."

"Then you will always be in good company."

"Let me have the satisfaction of feeling," continued I, "that I shall live in your friendly remembrance. Forget the cousin, if you will, dear Hanne, for, after all, cousinship is not worth much, and let the friend take his place; the former connection is accidental, for the latter I shall have cause to be grateful. I give up the former when I leave—guard, the latter accompanies me wherever I may go."

"And I dare say that it will not trouble you much," said Hanne. "I do not stand in need of cousins, and still less of friends. What should I make of you? My confidant!—It is not the custom in our family to have such. I am my own confidant; it is the safest plan; and in this respect I do but follow my sister's example, who never said a word to me about her attachment to Gustav. Should I make you my counsellor!—A precious adviser I should have! No, I fear that you will be dismissed as useless if you do not rest satisfied with the post you hold."

"Well, then, let me keep it, but not as a gift of chance. You must of your own free will choose me for your cousin, your cousin elect; that is a title of which I shall be proud."

"Will you, then, promise to come out to us at Christmas, and take part in our private theatricals?"

"I will even promise you a representation before the end of autumn," said I. "Heaven knows if I shall have the same dramatic talent next winter as I have now." Hanne's liveliness was contagious, and the sentiment so often laughed at was thrown into the back-ground.

"Then I hereby solemnly nominate you my arch elected cousin; and permit you, over and above this, of especial grace, and in consideration of your great and manifold merits, to bear the title of Grand Inventor of Falsehoods to my court."

"And this nomination you seal with this little brown glove, of which I will deprive you, that I may impress an humble vassal's kiss on your hand, and which I will in future wear in my helmet as a sign of my new dignity."

"No, hold! give me back my glove! So much I would not throw away upon you. It is a good glove—not a rent in it, not even ripped in the seams. Give it to me; I do not like to have odd things. Give it to me, or the other will be of no use." Hanne tried to snatch it from me, but I kept fast hold of it, and soon got possession of the fellow.

"You must redeem them, Hanne—a kiss for each; they are honestly worth it, such good new gloves as they are. They are forfeit by all the laws of chivalry, and I cannot spare them for less."

"You must be mad, Carl! Do you imagine that I would kiss you to get back my gloves? I would sooner die!" she added with comic indignation.

"Dear little envelope, once in the keeping of the serpent that has mortally wounded me, on your smooth, perfumed surface I press my lips! Tell thy mistress what I venture not to pronounce, what at this moment I confide to you." I kissed the glove.

I restored them to her, and was just about to claim their ransom when I heard the Justitsraad's voice.

"Jette! Hanne! Carl! Hallo! Where are you?"

"Here, in the avenue," said Hanne, running away from me. "We are coming!"

"But, dearest Hanne! the forfeit!"

"We will settle that to-morrow; to-night you must give me credit."

"Dearest Hanne, it will be much too late to-morrow! For Heaven's sake have mercy on me! I am going away to-night! No to-morrow will see me alive!"

Gustav and Jette, who now came up to us, laughed. The gloves and the kiss were forever lost.

"Well, children, where have you been?" said the Justitsraad. "Come and dance another round with the servants, and then we will join your mother. She is preparing mulled claret for us to counteract the effects of the evening air. Stop, Carl! stop! Hanne is sure to be engaged by one of the men; go you and dance with one of the milk-maids. There is lame Ane, she has not danced much; it is a pity she should not amuse herself because her one leg is a quarter of an ell shorter than the other. Go and dance with her."

"Do not tell the poor girl too many wicked stories," said Hanne, as I was going into the summer-house. "Have mercy on her soft heart, and do not try to purloin her gloves, for the cowherds would be sure to interfere."

"Gloves! Cowherds! What have you got into your heads now?" asked her father.

"Mischief! sheer mischief, uncle!"

"Fie, cousin! that is not the language of a chivalrous man," said Hanne. "Do not tarnish your new arms, but let them be as spotless as your reputation. Now go and engage lame Ane, and I promise you to lead a dance that will last at least an hour."

The dance was over, the mulled wine drunk, the happy Gustav had gone home, the family had bidden each other good night, and I was alone.

It is the last evening, thought I to myself; the short dream is at an end, and I must leave this happy house never to return. A deep sigh accompanied this reflection. And my treachery will soon be discovered; they will despise and abhor me. I have, perhaps, made them the laughing-stock of the whole neighborhood. And Hanne! What if I stayed yet another day, only half a day, only a morning! That may involve myself yet more—I who am already too weak to burst asunder the bonds that bind me here. No, I will go! In an hour the moon will have set; in an hour. How I ever allowed myself to get into this predicament is inconceivable! But I have no time for moralizing at the very moment that I am to separate from Hanne forever!—forever! Those are dreadful words. Now all is quiet in the house; I do not hear anything but Pasop shaking his chain; he will not bark when he sees that it is I.

I gathered up my things and opened the window. But shall I go without leaving a letter? The kind people might be alarmed about me; and what shall I write? Be of good cheer, cousin! carry out the adventure bravely to the end. What would my friends say if they saw me? I must, besides, try to put them on the wrong scent; but I will address the letter to Hanne; she shall see that my last thought was for her.

I took up my pencil and wrote: "Hanne's cruelty compels me to this hasty flight. I leave this hospitable house, while I bless its amiable inhabitants and the hard-hearted fair one who forces

me to seek refuge in Fredericia, which has, from olden times, possessed the *jus asylum* for gentlemen in difficulties." I stuck the paper in the frame of the looking-glass where it could not fail to attract attention.

After I had played the lively part to the end, I passed several hours in a most serious mood, unable to tear myself away from the dear —gaard. It was not until I perceived that day began to dawn that I took heart of grace, threw my carpet-bag out of the window and climbed down the tree. By a circuitous road I reached the wood which lay near the village where dwelt my uncle. The sun was already high in the heavens, when, fatigued, discontented with myself and the whole world, I arrived at —inge parsonage.

One evening, about a week after my arrival, I was sitting in the twilight with the aged couple, while my thoughts were at —gaard. The pastor rubbed his black cap backwards and forwards on his head, speaking in an under-voice to himself. At length he said: "Truth to tell, nephew, I do not know what to make of you. Never was there young man of such a sedentary turn. You have not as yet been further than the garden and the wood, and I assure you there are many places in the neighborhood well worth seeing."

"It is a pity that he should have come to us old people," said the pastor's wife. "Had our son been at home, then, indeed, matters would have been different; but he is in Kiel. How can we possibly amuse such a young man? I feel quite sorry for him, poor boy!"

I expressed my entire satisfaction with my present quarters. But, in fact, I felt very ill at ease; my spirits were painfully depressed. I was but one mile from —gaard, where my departure must have caused great consternation; and although I often in the evening sneaked about the house that held my dear little Hanne, I had, nevertheless, heard nothing of the family since I left the place to which my heart was clinging.

"Instead of your being a wild, harum-scarum fellow, as you were always described, you are a complete Puritan. It is no good sign when gayety takes such a turn. And then your appearance alters every day, nephew. It seems to me that your complexion has grown darker during the last week; and you are as yellow as if you had the jaundice."

"God forbid!" exclaimed my aunt, much alarmed.

I reassured her as to the state of my health.

"And now that you are cultivating the hair on your upper lip," continued my uncle, "you will soon look like a dragon. If you were not such a quiet, sedate young man, I would accuse you of being a puppy."

I had by degrees, and with no little trouble, dyed my hair and stained my face with walnut-juice, to prevent my being recognized should any of the servants from —gaard chance to meet me. For the same reason I was cultivating mustachios; but as yet they were very slenderly developed.

"Now tell me, nephew, what is your reason for wearing those horrid mustachios?"

"Why, because—I will. I am in the Livjæger corps,* uncle, and we are ordered to wear mustachios."

"What an idea! Did you ever hear the like? But when we are in Rome we must do as Rome does, says the proverb."

* A corps of militia in Denmark.

This interrogatory passed off pretty well, and thus established a prescriptive right to my disguise.

"I am determined that you shall go out and look about you," said the pastor. "To-morrow I am going to —gaard, to transact some business with the Justitsraad, and you must accompany me; it is but a mile from this, and the country is lovely."

I felt almost at my wits' end. "I would rather remain at home, uncle; I am not acquainted with the family," stammered I.

"Indeed, you shall not; I will have my own way. The people at —gaard are kind, amiable creatures, and you will soon feel at home with them."

(What am I to say next!) "The Justitsraad and my father are at variance on some matter of business; they are bitter enemies. I shall not be welcome there; my name even is contraband at —gaard."

"Indeed! I never heard of this before," said the old man. "We ought not to hate each other for the sake of the sinful mammon; I must contrive to bring about a reconciliation between them. I'll preach them a sermon on the subject, which they will not easily forget."

"It is my chief desire to see them reconciled, dear uncle, but I think that you had better not mention my name. When I may chance at some future period to make the Justitsraad's acquaintance, without his being aware of who I am, it will be easier for me to speak to him. Believe me, it would be the best way to arrange the matter." Time gained is much gained, thought I.

"Well, let it be as your desire," said my uncle. "I will not, then, mention that you are here; but I must drop a few hints about forgiveness and brotherly love. That can do no harm."

"No, that it never can," said my aunt. "But I agree with Adolph, and it is right that his wishes should be consulted in this case."

As soon as the old people had retired for the night, I stole through the garden, and endeavored to reach —gaard by taking by-paths. The moon shed her soft, mild light over the tranquil scene; the clock struck eleven; it was the hour at which the family generally retired for the night, and I might emerge from my hiding-place without the fear of meeting any one. Once more I stood behind the shrubbery, under the windows, and saw one candle after the other extinguished. All was dark in the sitting-rooms, and now the light in Hanne's room disappeared.

Sweet be thy slumbers—blissful dreams be thine!
Sleep well!

murmured I, quoting Baggesen's words, and my heart answered with the same poet:

I love, I love, I love, I love
None but thee!

In Jette's room there was still a light; she was thinking of her Gustav; was perhaps even writing a loving word to him. I had a hard struggle with myself to refrain from climbing into the tree and calling to her. I had a claim on her indulgence, whose happiness I had been the means of founding. Founding! and who can say if my edifice does not already totter to its fall! The real cousin has perhaps arrived! But it is done, and what is done cannot be undone. Let us hope for the best. With an involuntary sigh I retraced my steps

through the garden. Alas! thought I, "When the door is shut and the light is out, then I know who is forgotten," says the proverb. And it would be well were I forgotten.

Something moved behind me, it was my former friend, the Justitsraad's pointer, but he followed me growling, as though he would drive me from the ground which I sullied with my presence.

"Wachtel, my boy, is it you? Quiet! quiet, Wachtel!" I tried to entice him to come to me, but he showed his teeth; I attempted to pat him, but he barked at me, and the other dogs soon joined their voices to his. "Forgotten!" whispered I to myself, "forgotten and detested!" Wachtel followed me growling to the garden palings, and barked after at my shadow as I walked across the field.

The next afternoon my uncle drove over to —gaard. As soon as he had gone, I went to his study, which faced the east, and pointed a large telescope in the direction where I knew —gaard to be. I had a view of the whole plain. Far off rose the trees on the high hills, that must be the garden; the grove lies on the left, there is the swing-hill! Something white rises, it appears and disappears at regular intervals. "It is Hanne, swinging!" exclaimed I, joyfully; and I stood with a beating heart the whole afternoon staring over at the swing-hill, in the hope of again catching a glimpse of the object which had, alas! but too soon disappeared. The sight of a tiny bit of her white dress had caused my heart to beat violently. But what was this compared to the agitation I was in when, in the evening, my uncle's carriage drove up to the door of the parsonage!

When his pipe was lighted, and he had seated himself in his old arm-chair, and inquired about all the servants, he said, pushing his black cap off his forehead, "I heard a strange story over there, which has given me much to think about."

"What was it? Was it about the Kapitels-tax?"* asked his wife.

"No, it was not, child. It was a very strange story. They do not wish it spoken of, but I am sure that you will not mention it when I beg you not to do so. Now you shall hear. Oh, hand me a light, Adolph, my pipe has gone out. That will do—thank you, my boy; now it burns very well. It was the story; yes, it was indeed a very strange one!" And now he told how, one evening, when the nephew who was betrothed to Jette was expected, a person arrived who knew all about the family, could answer every question put to him, passed himself off for Carl, and insinuated himself into the good graces of the whole family. Somehow or other he got to know that Jette was attached to young Holm, and so he declared that the engagement between himself and Jette must be at an end, as he was betrothed to a lady in Berlin. The Justitsraad was at first very angry, but at last gave his consent, and the same evening there was a dance at —gaard. Next morning, cousin Carl was nowhere to be found; but he had left a slip of paper behind him, on which was written something that no one could quite comprehend. Two days elapsed, but he did not return. On the third day another person arrived, who also called himself Carl, and said that he was the expected nephew. He had a letter with him from his father, and the

whole family immediately recognized him. The first person was consequently an impostor. But now Jette was betrothed both to Holm and to her cousin, who had come to arrange matters for the wedding. This caused a terrible to-do. He wanted to insist upon Holm giving up Jette; at length the Justitsraad interfered, and an angry discussion took place between him and Carl, who left—gaard the following day; and so offended was he, that the Justitsraad found it no easy matter to extort a promise from him that he would not mention what had taken place."

"Lord have mercy upon us! It must have been some very wicked person!" exclaimed my aunt, clasping her hands, when her husband had finished his story.

"He was undoubtedly an impostor, and in truth it was a very strange affair. But can any one tell me what could have been his intention in going there?"

"To steal, of course! Did n't he break open any of the cupboards? Is nothing missing? None of the plate? No spoons?"

"Nothing whatever, and he stayed there two days, going in and out at his pleasure."

"How dreadful! But we shall hear more of him; he perhaps wished to make himself acquainted with the premises. When the nights get darker, they will be sure to hear from him."

"It is an unaccountable story," said I, in husky tones, which would have betrayed me to an attentive observer. "And have they no idea, no suspicion of who it was?"

"Not the least, nephew. They described him as a handsome, well-mannered young man; and all that he said was so plausible that it never entered their minds that he was not the real cousin Carl."

"You may rely upon it, dear friends, it has been that notorious Morten Frederichsen, who broke out of the prison in Roeskilde. He is said to be a consummate rogue," said my aunt. "I have heard that he once gave himself out for a Russian officer, and spoke the Russian language as if it had been his mother-tongue. He must have escaped from prison again. He is a dangerous person. The Lord preserve us from all evil! I will go and see if the gate is bolted, and tell Morten to let Sultan loose at night. We cannot be cautious enough when such folks are playing their pranks in the neighborhood."

The old lady left the room, in order to see the house well secured against the supposed burglar, little dreaming that the person she so much feared was living under her peaceful roof.

The next day we spoke of nothing else, and I found it easy to get out of my uncle all that he knew of the subject. I learned that the real cousin had not pleased the family, and that, in fact, they were all glad that the engagement had been cancelled. My unaccountable disappearance had furnished them with abundant food for all sorts of conjectures; but they never expected to have the enigma solved, as all the inquiries that had been quietly made by Gustav and the Justitsraad had proved fruitless. The former had written to a friend in Fredericia, as I had alluded to my going there in the paper which I left at —gaard; but they did not think that it would lead to a discovery. Thomas went daily in search of me through woods and turf-bogs, but with every day his hope of conducting me back as a prisoner to —gaard diminished.

* The price of corn, at which rents are to be paid, and which is fixed every year by a Commission, consisting of some landholders and clergymen in each district.

"My folly had thus caused no mischief. "Fortune had been the guardian of the fool," as it generally is. I cannot describe the pleasure with which I gathered these accounts; and after having turned them over in my mind for several days, I at length fancied that I might venture to appear again at—gaard, and get absolution. I formed a thousand plans, but rejected them all; at last I wrote to Copenhagen for other clothes, and inclosed a letter addressed to the Justitsraad, which was to be posted there, and wherein I openly confessed all that my exuberant spirits and a concatenation of the most accidental circumstances had led me into. I appealed to Miss Jette for her intercession; I knew that she would not refuse me this. I spoke of my sorrow and repentance, and humbly entreated that my sins might be forgiven. I only concealed my name and my love for Hanne. You will not, I hope, dear reader, ask me why I did so.

At length my blue coat came from Copenhagen, with accounts of my letter having been duly posted. And now my impatience increased with every hour. I did not find it difficult to induce my uncle to pay another visit to—gaard, and ascertain the sequel of the story which every night deprived my aunt of sleep. I had intended to accompany him; but when it came to the point I dared not, and excused myself with a headache; so he went without me. "You are not well, nephew, that I plainly see," said he, as I followed him to the carriage. "We must have the doctor here; you will be quite black at last. During the last fortnight you have become as brown as a gypsy; and it is no natural healthy color either."

The good old man did not know that I was every day systematically destroying my complexion, and found it no easy matter to gypify myself.

"He shall take some of my drops," said my aunt. "They are worth all the physic in the world, and he will soon be well;" and she made me go with her, and forced me to swallow a draught bitter enough to make the most hardened sinner confess.

"Well, have they got hold of Morten Frederichsen?" asked my aunt, when the pastor returned home. "Has he committed burglary at—gaard?"

"No, no, child, it was not a rogue of that kind. In truth, it is a strange story. He has written to the Justitsraad from Copenhagen."

"Written!—a threatening letter!—menacing him!—merciful Heaven! And that from Copenhagen! What an unheard-of piece of audacity to commit just under the very nose of the head of the police! But, Heaven be thanked! he is no longer in our neighborhood!"

"No; let me speak, wife dear; it is not at all as you suppose." And now he related the contents of my letter, which only served to increase the curiosity of the family at—gaard. My aunt could not recover from her surprise.

"But what says the Justitsraad?" asked I.

"Why, what could he say? He is glad that it proved to be an educated man, for the letter is well written, though he is annoyed at the trick that was played upon him. Jette never rested until she got him to promise that he would not let the affair vex him any longer. As I thought of what you told me about your father, I took an opportunity of saying a few words about brotherly love and forgiveness, and quoted some beautiful passages from Scripture relating thereunto. They talked a great deal about the unknown person, and the Justitsraad

said that he would make his ears tingle for him if he ever got hold of him, but that it would amuse him to see the young man again; and my two dear pupils tried to persuade their father to put a mysterious summons in the journals, but Mr. Holm advised him not to do so."

"And Mr. Holm was right. Those people are too easily imposed upon," said my aunt. "Should he, after all, turn out to be a rogue—and I have my suspicions, for he who will lie will steal—"

"That does not follow as a matter of course, dear aunt," said I.

"But," said the pastor, "we are invited to dine at—gaard to-morrow, and I promised that we would go, and you too, Adolph; I told them that I had a nephew staying with me."

"I? But you know, uncle, that my father and the Justitsraad—"

"Why, yes; we must try to bring about a reconciliation. To harbor feelings of enmity towards each other is unworthy of such men. Leave that to me. I have not mentioned your name, and you may present yourself to the Justitsraad without any fear of his being prejudiced against you; he is an excellent man."

Just as well first as last, thought I.

"Had we not better take the drops with us?" said my aunt, the next day. "Adolph looks very black under the eyes; he is worse even than he was yesterday."

"Let me see that you do not get seriously ill, nephew," said my uncle. "I do not like your looks. But perhaps it is the dark mustachios that have changed you so much. Faith, I think you have blackened them with burnt cork. How it does alter a man! You don't look like yourself. The Livjægers must be a fine corps."

My endeavors had succeeded. Instead of the gay, fresh-complexioned, fair-haired cousin in the green frock-coat, who had deserted from—gaard, there came with the pastor from—inge a serious, taciturn, dark-haired nephew in a blue coat, with an olive-brown sickly complexion, and a pair of black mustachios.

No one recognized me; the Justitsraad called me Mr. Adolph, and gave me a friendly reception. The party consisted of Kammeraad Tvede, the landed proprietor from Jutland, and his family; Gustav, a friend of his, and ourselves. I doubt whether the dark stains could hide the color which suffused my cheeks when Hanne entered the room. She had grown ten times handsomer in the last fortnight, and was fascinating beyond all measure. I stood silent and serious at one of the windows. The many different thoughts that rushed through my mind assisted me in playing the part of a bashful stranger. Wachtel got up and took a turn round the room to snuff at the company; he wagged his tail on approaching my aunt, but growled at me; Hanne called to him, and bade him lie down in his corner.

"But how does it happen, my friend, that your daughter is not betrothed to-day to the same person as when we were here last?" asked the landed proprietor across the table.

"It was a bit of fun of the children," answered the Justitsraad. "The young gentleman you saw was my brother's son, who was on a visit to us; Jette was already then engaged to Holm."

"Oh, is that it? But where is your nephew?"

"He left us a fortnight ago."

"He is a very fine young man, and who knows if he may not in time think of marrying your

youngest daughter? What says the young lady to that?"

Hanne blushed and remained silent; the Justitsraad looked at my uncle with an embarrassed smile, and felt as if on the rack.

"Your father resides in Copenhagen, Mr. Adolph? Is it not Mr. Adolph whom I have the pleasure of addressing?" said the landed proprietor, that untiring questioner, as he turned to me.

I started and bowed.

"And he is a merchant," he continued, "and trades principally with the West Indies?"

"Yes, he trades a great deal with the West Indies," answered I, changing as much as possible my natural voice.

"I think, however, that my brother's chief business is with the provinces," said the pastor. "Commission-business in corn; it is a safer trade than the West Indian."

"Ah, Mr. Adolph's father is your brother?" said the landed proprietor. "Probably married to a sister? He is a very fine young man. In the army, I presume?"

"No he is not, Mr. Kammeraad; he is in a merchant's office; but as Livjæger he is obliged, by the new regulations, to wear mustachios," answered my uncle innocently.

The attention of the whole party was now fixed upon me. The blood rushed to my face. Gustav and the Forstjunker looked at each other smiling, which I interpreted thus: "He is a conceited idiot; a fig for the regulations!" What an unmerciful interpreter is conscience!

We all went into the garden to take coffee. I approached Jette and commenced a conversation with her about the beauties of the surrounding country.

"You have been some time at your uncle's?" said she.

"Some time. I should long since have terminated my visit had I not had a difficult commission to execute, one which is almost beyond my powers. It is a commission to the family at —gaard," added I, when I found that she would not ask any questions.

"To us?" said Jette. "And the commission is so difficult a one?"

"It consists in nothing less than to restore to a friend that peace of mind of which his own follies have deprived him. And to procure your father's forgiveness for an insult which, if it be withheld, will ever weigh heavily on my friend's conscience."

Jette looked at me with astonishment. "What do you mean, Mr. Adolph! I do not understand you."

"My friend has written to me from Copenhagen, and given me full authority to negotiate with your father for an amnesty; but the papers which he has sent for that purpose seem to me so confused that I must decline the commission, if you, to whom he most particularly recommends his case, refuse me your powerful protection. That he has most shamefully abused your confidence cannot be denied."

"You know—that is—you are acquainted with that strange story?" said Jette embarrassed.

"I am; and so well, though this is the first time I have the pleasure of seeing you, that you cannot know it better yourself. It is on your discretion and assistance that I depend; nevertheless, I dare not mention my friend's name before he has received full pardon. His orders were strictly to this effect."

"I think it strange indeed that a person who has so grossly insulted my father and the whole of the family—"

"You also? I am sorry that he has so greatly misinformed me. From his letter I could not but conclude that the very reverse was the case."

Jette colored very much, and I thought that I saw tears in her eyes. "He shall not find me ungrateful," said she. "I have not for one moment forgotten what I owe to him. What do you require of me?"

"My friend entreats that you will, through me, forgive him for the mystification to which accidental circumstances gave rise, but which was carried on solely from the sincere and unselfish interest he took in your fate. He earnestly desired that you would intercede in his behalf and procure for me a private interview with your father, which I trust will terminate in his forgiveness."

The rest of the company drew nearer, and I was forced to break off the conversation. Gustav and Hanne were disputing.

"It's all very well, and you may laugh at me to your heart's content," exclaimed Hanne; "but I maintain the whole system of relationship to be most odious. Is n't it abominable to have kith and kin forced upon you whether you will or no? Why is n't it made compulsory on us to be compelled to bestow our hands only on persons within certain degrees of affinity? To be sure it would do away with love either gradual or at first sight; but that, perhaps, might not be without its advantages."

"Recollect your last choice; it was not a very good one. A more disreputable individual birth could scarcely have brought you into connexion with."

"Yes it could, for the individual who came afterwards, with the stamp of legitimacy on his forehead, was much worse. If my choice, as you call it, fell on a deceiver, he was at least spirited, lively, amusing, while the other was spiritless, sulky, pedantic, tiresome; in a word, unbearable. But I know you do not mean a word of what you say against him. The real nephews and cousins whose acquaintance I have lately made are very poor specimens, and look as if they could not say 'bo to a goose.'" Hanne accompanied this description with a side-glance at me, who was in truth playing the part of the most uninteresting nephew imaginable. She had no idea of how much pleasure she had caused me the moment before.

"You are right, Miss Hanne; I agree with you that legitimacy is a good thing," said the landed proprietor, joining in the conversation; he had caught that one word of a discussion which only a few of the persons present understood.

During our walk Jette took her sister's arm and whispered something to her. Hanne looked scrutinizingly at me. As soon as an opportunity offered I approached her and began to talk of the weather, that excellent introduction to the most serious subjects. We were soon engaged in a conversation which turned upon the information which Jette had given her.

"My sister tells me that your friend is very desirous of obtaining our forgiveness," said she; "we have already granted it, for he has done us a greater service than he is aware of. But as to our esteem, that is another question; to that he has probably renounced all claim."

"You pronounce too severe a sentence upon him, if you forbid him all hopes of regaining your esteem. Without it, your forgiveness would leave

him poor indeed; while, on the contrary, to win your esteem would almost redeem the forfeit he has incurred."

Hanne blushed slightly at the mention of the word *forfeit*. "You rate it highly," said she.

"Not higher than my friend. Your esteem is what he desires, and did not the ever-present thought of you draw him back to this place, I should not now stand before you as his advocate. Your sister has promised to procure me a private interview with your father. If your hatred of my poor friend be unquenchable, tell me so, that I may spare your father recollections which are, perhaps, unpleasant. Without your entire forgiveness I cannot wholly fulfil my mission, and partially I will not do it."

"You are a zealous advocate, it must be confessed. Well, then, speak to my father; I will not prove myself the most hard-hearted of the family. Besides, I feel that your friend has an intercessor in my own propensities to practise jokes on my neighbors; though his was a joke of a very serious nature."

"I expected this kindness from you, or my friend would not have described you in true colors."

"And what colors did he employ, if I may venture to inquire! It is no easy matter accurately to delineate any one, after an acquaintance of so short a date."

"The most brilliant! He has dipped his pencil in heaven, if I may be allowed to make use of a trite simile; in a word, he adores you."

"Indeed! He is too kind!" said Hanne, offended. At the trite simile she smiled; the plain truth she took in high dudgeon.

We were at the foot of the swing-hill. "The view from the top of this hill must be very fine," said I. Common politeness obliged her to ascend it. Gustav and his friend followed us at some distance in deep conversation; the rest of the party had remained in the summer-house, where coffee was served up.

"It is indeed a fine view," repeated I, almost mechanically.

"There is your uncle's church," said Hanne; "it is one of the twelve visible from this spot."

"I have seen this hill from the window of my uncle's study. These white pillars stand out so plainly from the dark green back-ground."

"Did they frighten you? You thought, perhaps, that they were—"

"A gibbet!" said I, interrupting her. "No, I am not so imaginative as my friend." Hanne looked at me. "Do you remember what he asked of you on this spot? That you would, when you heard him spoken ill of, and doubted his honor, come here and judge the absent with indulgence! That you would not condemn him because appearances were against him?"

"He must have given you a very circumstantial report," said Hanne laughing. "Every word seems to be correct."

"Every word which he has exchanged with you will remain engraven on his heart. You promised; may he flatter himself that you have not forgotten such promise, what time he so strongly needed your compassion?"

"Indeed, I have defended him more than he deserves," answered Hanne. "But now it is no longer necessary; and should he ever again visit us, he will find me his most inveterate foe; for I do not allow those to go unpunished who have practised deception on me."

"Be merciful. I beseech you to forgive him; he cannot endure your anger. I have come to throw myself at your feet; with your forgiveness he will have courage to encounter the storm. Miss Hanne," added I imploringly, in my natural voice, "no one but yourself is aware that the persecuted sinner is here. Condemn me, if you have the heart to do so; let your lips decide my fate."

Hanne looked at me with a roguish smile. "You would not betray me and abuse my confidence!" added I beseechingly. "Grant me your forgiveness, insure me that of your parents. You have recognized me, notwithstanding my disguise; without it I could not have ventured to approach you by the light of day. In the evening I have often been here, and watched the light in your room until it vanished, and I was left without any visible sign of your presence."

She looked at me for a moment with an expression of mildness—nay, even of kindness: then clapping her hands, cried, "Gustav! Linden! make haste! Come! Here he is! We have him!"

"Who? What is the matter?" inquired the others hurrying towards us.

"Miss Hanne! for Heaven's sake! You would not surely—! You abuse my confidence! I have not deserved this from you! Would you betray me to the strange gentleman?" stammered I, surprised at the sudden change.

"It is he! the pseudo-cousin and no other! There he is! Now he is our prisoner," continued Hanne, and jumped with joy.

"Cousin! He!" asked Gustav in astonishment, "But tell me—"

"Mr. Holm," said I, "and you, sir, who are a stranger to me—"

Hanne interrupted me. "It is true!" she said, "I owe you an explanation. To Gustav you need make no excuses; in his heart he considers you his greatest benefactor; and this 'stranger' is as well acquainted with your exploits as any of us. You will not betray me and abuse my confidence," said she, parodying my manner; "therefore, allow me to present to you my future husband, Mr. Linden. You once asked me what was the meaning of the ring I wore. Do you remember? At that time I could not give you an answer; now I will confide the secret to you. And hereupon, my most honored arch-cousin elect and grand court-teller of truth, allow me to conduct you to the arms of your loving relatives."

Had I known this a few hours before, I would never again have set foot in—gaard. Now I was obliged to allow myself to be led away by her, after having stammered out some words which must have sounded as much like a curse as a congratulation. I know I felt far more inclined to ban than bless.

My uncle was walking in the avenue with the Justitsraad and Jette, who had prepared her father, but who had not as yet the least suspicion that the supposed friend was in reality the person for whom she had solicited forgiveness. I advanced towards them, looking like a poor sinner, as I was.

"Dear father," said Hanne, "here I bring you a deserter, who has surrendered to me, rescue or no rescue. He looks forward to your forgiveness, and if you withhold it it is I who must bear the responsibility."

"Let me speak, child," said my uncle, who imagined that he was alluding to a reconciliation between my father and the Justitsraad. "As a servant of the Lord, it is my duty to preach for-

givenness and mutual good-will; remember His command, who called himself the Fountain of love, to banish evil and hostile thoughts from your minds. See, he has come to you with hope and trust, and now he offers you his hand in token of a reconciliation which is worthy of two estimable men. Receive him kindly, my old friend, and do not any longer force him to deny his name because it was once the name of your enemy; let the past be forgiven and forgotten."

"You, also, my worthy old friend! Well, then, I suppose I must yield. In truth, that giddy pate has found protectors in abundance," said the Justitsraad, offering me his hand.

"He is interceding for his friend," said Jette.

"For my benefactor," said Gustav.

"For his old father," said my uncle.

"For himself," said Hanne; "for this is no less a person than the titular cousin himself in disguise; the very same who has created all the confusion; but what his name may be, Heaven only knows."

"Adolph Kerner, my nephew, a son of Mr. Kerner, the merchant, in Copenhagen; he has no reason to be ashamed of his name," said my uncle.

Universal surprise.

"The self-styled cousin himself!" cried Jette.

"The young Kerner who was in Hamburg?" asked the Justitsraad.

"What! The deceiver is my nephew?" exclaimed my uncle, upon whom the truth only just flashed.

The dreaded discoveries were made, my secret was betrayed. The explanation was soon given; their forgiveness followed, and we were reconciled. The Justitsraad gave me his hand and shook mine heartily.

"And now we must go and look for mother," said Hanne, "and prostrate ourselves at her feet. For the honor of our sex I hope that she will keep Mr. Kerner a little longer in purgatory."

We entered the summer-house, in which the company were still seated at coffee. The Justitsraad led me to his wife and said, "Here I bring you the lost nephew; he returns, like the prodigal son, and sues for your forgiveness. To-morrow he will appear without moustachios and with fair hair; and he hopes that he will then find in you the same kind aunt whom the false cousin Carl has learned to love." The Justitsraadinde gave me her hand and shook her finger at me.

"And here is Morten Frederichsen, wife dear, whom Sultan was to keep off the parsonage! The rogue!—he has indeed made game of us old people," said my uncle, laughing. "And his jaundice is much better."

"Nay, what do you say, Morten Frederichsen! How he has frightened me, that good-for-nothing

fellow! But I have the consolation of having repaid him with my drops." The good old lady shook her head, and could not yet quite comprehend the state of matters.

"And I have the pleasure of introducing to Kammeraad Tvede, the young Kerner, a son of Mr. Kerner of Copenhagen, and who has lately returned from a voyage to Hamburg," said the lively Hanne, drawing me toward the landed proprietor.

"A very fine young man," said the Kammeraad. "I have the honor of being acquainted with your father, and recommend myself to the favor of the firm." I sought refuge with Jette and Gustav, who took me under their protection.

"For shame, you malice-bearing folk," said Jette. "The sun is just setting, and you are still persecuting Mr. Kerner so cruelly."

"Such persecution he can well bear," said the Justitsraad; "and I hope that it will not frighten him away from a house which will always be open to him, and where he will in future be as heartily welcome under his own name as he was before under that of cousin Carl."

"You may perceive now that my examining in the Almanac was not so silly a thought after all," said Hanne.

"To you, Miss Hanne," said I, "is certainly due the honor of having placed me in the most painful dilemmas; but be merciful now, and do not play with me as a cat does with a mouse. It is the victor's duty to be generous to the vanquished."

"No; you have said *thou* to me," answered she, "and you wanted to kiss me," she added in a lower voice; "these are things I cannot so easily forgive—these are crimes of *leze majesty*!"

"Ah, do not remind me of what I have done; it is but too difficult for me to forget it."

"There, the sun has just disappeared below the horizon," said Hanne. "Now I must give in, I suppose. I forgive you, then; but on condition that, according to our former agreement, you are to come to us at Christmas, and help us with our private theatricals, to which I hereby invite all present. 'Truly, he has a wonderful talent!'" added she, quoting from "The April Fools."*

The next day I left—inge and returned to Copenhagen, where I had a hard fight with the walnut-juice before I could entirely obliterate all traces of it. Whenever I see advertisements in the papers to the effect that people wish to transact their business "without the intervention of a third party," I cannot refrain from smiling as I think. This is a fundamental principle worthy of serving as rider to Knigge's well-known adage: "Never send your letters by private hand."

* A popular Danish vaudeville.

From the Christian Observer.

ON WHITE LIES.

MUCH, immeasurably much, depends on giving specious names to things, and thus, in doubtful matters, begging the question by the title which we affix to them, or in matters which admit of no doubt, perverting judgment by calling evil good. An "affair of honor," for instance, when rightly translated, means a man's being impelled against his conscience to risk his own life and that of another, by a mean and cowardly fear of the world's

opinion. And so, "generous sports" is the fine name given to the strange delight which some men take in putting helpless and unresisting animals to death. Thus, also, "innocent amusements" are often put to stand for pleasures which derive their zest and piquancy from not being innocent; and which, without some leaven of at least a dubious kind, would be as "salt that had lost his savor." And thus, moreover, the term "good fellow," though now, I believe, somewhat obsolete, used to be given exclusively to wild and headlong characters, who seemed bent on their own destruction and

that of all their companions. In the same way the father of lies has decked his own offspring in the garb of innocence and purity, and introduced it into the world under the style and title of "a white lie." Yes, I do affirm, that what is called a white lie—that is, a lie which has no harm in it but that it is a lie—is the only unmixed and genuine falsehood; and, consequently, that the only test of our regard to truth, for its own sake, is whether we would on principle abstain from a lie which involved no sin but itself. A man may fear to tell a dishonest lie, because he is honest—a boasting lie, because he is modest—a malicious lie, because he is good-natured; but he who scruples not to tell a lie which is perfectly innocent, provided there is no harm in simple falsehood, may be honest, modest, good-natured, and whatever else you please, but "he is a liar, and the truth is not in him."

It is of importance, moreover, to observe, that the person who values truth as truth, and for its own sake, has in that principle a check thereby not only upon falsehood, but upon many vices to which he may be constitutionally disposed. For vices, like virtues, increase by exercise. If we are in the habit of saying vain or ill-natured things, the tempers of which these sayings are the expression will thereby grow and strengthen. Every time we utter a boasting or slanderous word, we add a little to the power which the sinful dispositions which suggest it exercise over us. But the man of truth, however ill-disposed in other respects, has not the unlimited scope for the vices of the tongue that the liar has. For the former is obliged to draw on facts for his boastings and evil-speakings; and, vain or ill-natured as he may be, yet if he is confined within the limits of truth, he is not always supplied with materials to brag or censure. But the liar has, in these respects, a boundless range. He is at liberty to praise himself, or sully the reputation of another, to the widest extent of his invention, and to the utmost stretch of his imagination. He spurns the fetters with which truth would bind his tongue. And as the tongue reacts upon the mind which prompts its movements, and as the sins of the heart are strengthened by the vent which they find in words, it follows that, in proportion as we open that vent, the inward power of evil must grow upon us. It is thus that laxity in point of truth favors the advance of every other vice.

Without entering into any metaphysical inquiry in what the essential evil of falsehood may consist, it is enough for us to know that it is expressly forbidden and condemned in Scripture: "Wherefore, putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbor," says the apostle; "for we are members one of another." (Eph. iv. 25.) And again: "Lie not one to another, seeing that ye have put off the old man with his deeds; and have put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of Him that created him." (Col. iii. 9.) "When he" (the devil) "speaketh a lie," says our Saviour, "he speaketh of his own; for he is a liar, and the father of it." (John viii. 44.) The book of Revelation also declares that "without the heavenly city are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie;" and that "the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone."

Falsehood, then, as falsehood, and though un-

connected with any other vice, is, as Scripture testifies, morally wrong; and therefore to venture on the slightest breach of truth, whatever advantages may seem likely to ensue, is to transgress the fundamental law that we should not do evil that good may come. This rule is founded on the principle that we are accountable for our actions, but not for their consequences. We have only to do right, and leave the event to God. And thus, though it appeared to us certain that the best effects would follow from a transgression of God's law, still we are bound by our rule, and must view these flattering promises of good results as a temptation from beneath.

But how little can we be sure of consequences in any instance! and herein consists a great part of the folly as well as sinfulness of white lies. I mean particularly such deceptions as men justify on the plea that to tell the truth, might materially affect the comfort, or even endanger the life, of some valued and beloved friend or relative. Let us suppose, then, an instance, which will put the case as strongly as may be for the advocate of white lies. Let us suppose that some near relation is dangerously ill, and that the account of some affliction which had been pending has lately reached the family. Well, certainly, if no inquiry is made, we are not bound to make the painful disclosure. But suppose the invalid distinctly to put the question, whether the threatened evil has occurred or not. Here, I grant, is a great trial of fortitude and faith. But observe—the event has happened. This is God's doing, you must admit. Was it by chance, then, that your sick friend asked the question that he did? No, assuredly; for this also was of God. Had he not, then, some end in prompting this inquiry; and was this to induce you to tell a falsehood? You cannot say so. As it respects yourself, was it not rather to give you an opportunity of exercising grace, and performing an acceptable act of faith? But as it respects your friend—how can you presume to say what consequences might follow if you are found faithful in this trial? I do really believe that one placed in the circumstances I have supposed, is, strictly speaking, a messenger employed by God. God speaks to that messenger by facts; and these facts are his commission and his guide. Like Balaam, it is his part to say, "I cannot go beyond the commandment of the Lord, to do either good or bad of mine own mind; but what the Lord saith, that will I speak." In mere human affairs, the person who is deputed by one of superior wisdom to himself justly incurs the charge of folly and presumption if he departs from the letter of his commission, because he fancies that he sees some obstacle in the way of its successful carrying out. On the contrary, we admire the steadiness, humility, and good sense of him who feels that it is his duty not to canvass the merits or new-model the terms of his errand, but faithfully and punctually to perform it; thus confining himself to his own part, and thereby throwing all responsibility on his employer. And so it is in all the relations in which we stand to God. The actual course of events, or, in other words, the order of the Divine Providence, is the truth of things. This is the voice of God speaking to us by circumstances, though not in articulate sounds; and, as far as we are agents in reporting upon facts, "giving us a commandment what we should say, and what we should speak." "If any man speak," says the apostle, "let him speak as the oracles of God."

This is our rule. To follow this rule, is to move with the great current, to fall in with the trade winds of Heaven, to walk in the light of universal day, and not in the "light of our own fire, and in the sparks which we ourselves have kindled." The fact is, that, in all circumstances in which we are called on to affirm or to deny, if we adhere to truth we leave the result of our report to God; and if we venture, let the inducement be what it may, to decline from truth, we take the matter into our own hands. We step aside from the great system over which God presides, and from the open road in which He will be our director and our guide, into a labyrinth of our own constructing, and out of which we must extricate ourselves as well as we can.

I know that deceptions are often practised from the kindest motives; and particularly where the persons to be deceived are of timid and vulnerable tempers. The over-anxiety of their friends leads them to imagine that the free and open air of truth is too cold and keen for them; and thus they endeavor, as far as they are able, to keep them in an artificial and over-heated temperature of their own creation. No circumstance that happens, no intelligence that arrives, is suffered, if possible, to reach them fresh and in its simple form. It must be prepared and medicated in a manner suited to the constitution of the patient. A person so beset with mistaken tenderness, lives not in the world of God's wide providence, but in a system of man's device, made up of half-disclosures, subtle perversions, or entire suppressions of the true and real facts of his position. Good-naturedly meant as all this doubtless may be, we have already seen that it cannot be defended on right principle, even though we were certain that the desired effect would follow. But the fact is, that such a course is not only wrong in itself, but is sure in the long run to defeat its own intention, and to increase the evil it would avert.

Let us, then, revert to the case of one naturally too sensitive, and of a temperament over-apt to be moved by exciting circumstances. (I do not now suppose one whose mind has been already enfeebled by a long course of such injudicious treatment as I have condemned.) Let the attempt then be made to guard this person from the knowledge of every fact which his friends imagine too afflictive or too startling for him to hear; and that for this purpose the expedient of white lies is resorted to. These falsehoods, observe, can only obstruct the ordinary channels through which truth, or in other words God's providence, would convey this knowledge. But the father of lies himself could not guard all the endless avenues through which the dreaded information may reach the mind. It is a matter of not unfrequent occurrence, that those who have tried this unlawful method of screening their sensitive friends from the shock of bad news, have to lament their ill-success. Had they, at the call of principle, told the truth when asked, they might have accompanied the disclosure with such consolatory reflections, and broken its abruptness with such cautious prudence, as would have served to mitigate the blow. Whereas, at the very moment when they feel that all is secure, and when they say, "Peace and safety," suddenly, without preparation, not only unexpectedly, but in flat contradiction of what had been expressly told, the information comes, in the way perhaps of all others most calculated utterly to upset and overwhelm the mind. There is no instance, as I have already noticed, in which white lies are thought more ex-

cusable, and in which they are more commonly resorted to, than where they serve to guard an oversensitive mind against the shocks of sudden and unwelcome news. But here I am convinced that, setting the moral part of the question aside, in point of mere expediency, this mode of treatment is unwise. It is true that it may have occasional success, and be attended with partial benefit. But in the long run it is sure to end in failure, and to aggravate the distress from which we would relieve our friend. It is utterly impossible, as I have said before, to keep up a system of deception so guarded at every point as always to escape detection. And this particularly in the case of vulnerable persons, who are uniformly watchful and suspicious. The minds of these are haunted by a thousand fancies. They "fear where no fear is." Wherever they turn their eyes "there is a lion in the way." The truth is, that the root of their distemper, the very essence of their malady, is that they live in a fancied world of their own creation, in an unreal system, which their own apprehensions have conjured up. The man is hypochondriac, perhaps, and labors under no disease but the fancy that he is ill. Or his monomania takes some other turn. In the midst of riches, poverty haunts him like a spectre; or, surrounded by faithful friends, he fancies that all are combined against him. Take one, then, thus self-tormented, thus the artificer of his own misery, and say what human instrument could Providence vouchsafe, so well adapted to dispel the charm that binds him, as a person on whose truth this *malade imaginaire* could implicitly depend. The answer which such a one would return to all his trembling inquiries and anxious questions would be like the voice of God. But if a person thus morbidly suspicious, indeed if any one, has been already deceived, all confidence in his deceiver is gone. Haunted by spectres which would vanish before the light of truth, if he could but believe its report, he is cut off from that resource, and denied that wholesome remedy, by the quackery and mistaken kindness of false friends.

The Wide-Wide World; or, the Early History of Ellen Montgomery. Edited by a Clergyman of the Church of England. 2 vols.

This work appears to have been written by an American lady of the evangelical school; and its special object is to show that human happiness depends less on the discharge of social and moral obligations than on the observance of certain conventional codes of worship. As a work of art, we can say but little in its favor; yet there are in it such descriptions of American scenery, and such nice portraiture of character—especially female—as suggest the idea that the writer is capable of better things.—*Athenæum*.

INTELLIGENCE has reached Amsterdam that M. Schœffler, a young Dutch Catholic missionary in Cochin China, has been put to death for preaching Christianity. He was hanged on a very lofty gibbet. More than 10,000 troops attended the execution, to prevent any hostile demonstrations on the part of the numerous Christians of Hué Fo.

THE "Indépendance," of Brussels, states that the French government has made an energetic remonstrance to the Cabinet of the Netherlands upon the subject of the animadversions of the press of Holland on Louis Napoleon's conduct and government, and demanded that the violence of the newspapers shall be restrained. Cabinet councils have been held, to consider how compliance with the application can be reconciled with the laws.

From the Spectator, January 31.

THE FRENCH USURPER.

NEVER did usurpation, that encountered so little opposition as President Bonaparte's, consolidate itself so rapidly into an organized and ruthless despotism. For anything that relates to action, this is the concern of the French people only. But as a lesson, the events now occurring in France have a deep interest for ourselves. We have an opportunity of seeing in our own day, and at the distance of less than a day's journey, by what means a despotism may be founded; how a people may be juggled out of its liberties and the protection of law; and what are the woful consequences. In political pathology, France is at this moment a patient, by whose bedside a clinical lecture is read to us, which it behoves us to ponder.

No people has ever been robbed of liberty that did not by weakness or worse lend its own aid to the work. By choosing M. Bonaparte to be President of the Republic, the French people almost invited him to seize on absolute power. The man's character was well known. The Strasbourg riot of 1836, the Boulogne expedition of 1840, and the books published by M. Bonaparte between these two escapades and after the last of them, showed that the idea of his being born with "a mission," destined to attain empire, was with him a monomania. His books and his actions alike betrayed slender powers of reasoning and inability to estimate the means required to attain an end; but they also showed the reckless, insatiable ambition that devoured him. To elevate such a man to the presidency, was to communicate to the office much of the ridiculous that attached to his personal character, but was at the same time placing sharp weapons in a madman's hand.

The danger necessarily resulting from such an act was at first undervalued by the National Assembly and the leaders of the different parties in that body. The reviews at Satory and St. Denis inspired them with suspicion of his intentions, and induced them to combine on various occasions to limit his authority or arrest his progress; but they allowed their contempt for his abilities to render their opposition desultory and intermitting. Odilon Barrot, Léon Faucher, and others, accepted office under him, flattering themselves that they were clever enough to make such a fool work by their guidance. His most resolute and uncompromising opponents kept but sleeping watch over his movements. Meanwhile, he went on maturing his conspiracy, with that inveteracy of purpose and skill of low cunning which are often combined with the meanest intellects.

The desultory opposition of the Assembly, the consequence of despising his talents though convinced of his bad intentions, aided the plots of the president. While he plied the soldiery unremittently with his seductions, he played towards the general public the part of an innocent person unjustly suspected. The champagne and sausages distributed at the reviews, the luxurious banquets at the Elysée, and the fawning upon all kinds of notorieties, were attributed by non-politicians to a mere love of display, a harmless weakness in a well-meaning man. The opposition of the Assembly was deemed unreasonable; the obstructions to public business occasioned by the measures required to check the president's intrigues were attributed to an ambitious desire to encroach upon his province. Sympathy was awakened for

M. Bonaparte, and the Assembly lost ground in public estimation.

On the 2d of December the great blow was struck with little difficulty. Profound and callous mendacity enabled the usurper to keep his preparations secret. The bourgeoisie sympathized with him; and political leaders were blinded by their contempt for him; the ranks of the émeutiers had been thinned and their love of fighting damped by Cavaignac in the June insurrection of 1848. The president-dictator dissolved the Assembly, imprisoned and dispersed his rivals, and installed himself in an uncontested supremacy.

Since that usurpation of despotic power, he has not lost a moment in consolidating it. With a hundred thousand bayonets in and around Paris, and with half of the departments in a state of siege, he obtained a vote of the people for a ten-years' renewal of his lease of office, and a delegated authority to frame a new constitution. He has promulgated a constitution which places the power of making and administering the laws entirely in his own hands. He has filled up the subordinate bodies who are to execute his will with unscrupulous agents. He is expatriating thousands without trial, sometimes without any definite accusation; many to a region fatal to European life. In his decree confiscating the Orleans property he has usurped the functions of the courts of law. One of his principal ministers of state is a minister of police—the head of an organized system of spies, under whose jurisdiction are placed the press and the theatres. In fine, he has established a reign of terror; and the naïve admission of his motives for confiscating the Orleans property, in the preamble to his decree, shows that not only are they exclusively personal, but tinged with the deepest malice and vindictiveness.

It was imagined by sanguine optimists, immediately after the 2d of December, that the coup d'état had averted the social explosion apprehended for the year 1852. Present appearances, on the contrary, justify fears that it will only occasion a more terrible outbreak. Absolute power has been usurped, and is exercised with daily increasing harshness and contempt of law, by a man whose ill-regulated mind defies conjecture as to what course he may pursue, but who can never be diverted from the execution of any of his selfish projects. All that is intellectual in France, all that is moral and respectable in France, and the real aristocracy, whatever the mere plutocracy and mean fashion of France may do, refuses to associate with the usurper and his creatures. The mitraille of the Boulevards, the deportations, the ruthless ferocity with which the state of siege has been enforced in the provinces, have diffused anguish and exasperation through all ranks of society. The robbery of the Orleans estates has struck terror into the hearts of the selfish wealthy, who were willing to bow to the despot provided their property were safe: it has shown that he cannot rely even upon the army, so long as a rival dynasty retains its hereditary wealth.

The seeds of intestine broils are thus sown broadcast in France. The best hope of the nation is in the patient, self-possessed, passive resistance, that has hitherto been opposed to the usurper by the respectable intelligent classes. Should any unforeseen accident shake from off the shoulders of France "the Old Man of the Sea" who has squatted himself there like the tormentor of Sinbad the Sailor, the machinery of a legal government would

be found at hand in the members of the dispersed Assembly who on the 2d of December pronounced the traitor's déchéance.

From the Spectator, January 31.

THE PRESIDENT'S BALL.

M. BONAPARTE has accomplished his task. He has kindled a conflagration; has rushed through the streets shouting fire at the top of his voice; has frightened honest folks out of their wits; has bound and gagged the firemen and the police, filling their places with his emissaries; has organized his band of thieves and cut-throats; and now, as befits a gallant captain of highwaymen, is leading a jolly life of it, and showing himself a freehanded and liberal gentleman with the proceeds of the swag. Who does not remember Jack Sheppard at the Adelphi!—how that noble strippling, after a successful coup d'état, arrayed himself in the gorgeous costume of a chevalier d'industrie, and, attended by two noble ladies, who owed him allegiance and did the honors of his court, gave a grand entertainment to his faithful Blueskin and his less renowned retainers; and how, by that magnificent and memorable ordinance, "Let punch be brewed continually until further orders," he not only subdued the souls of his followers, but so enchanted the imaginations of the Adelphians, that Jack Sheppard became with them the ideal of chivalry, generosity, virtue, and briefly of human worth! Who that was present at the Tuileries the other night, either in person or imagination, but must have had that scene vividly recalled to him, if he had ever witnessed it! Jack and his two wives did the honors in one case—President Jack and his two fair cousins in the other, and Blueskin had no bad representative in St. Arnaud; while, if men and women are to be classified by their objects of admiration and submissive insight into the eternal laws, it must be a very subtle analysis that would establish a distinction valid for the moralist between the guests assembled on the two occasions. And the occasions themselves, were they very different! Jack's coup had been successful—so had President Jack's; and the company was assembled in either case to do homage to successful—enterprise shall we call it? and to bask in the sunshine of its prosperity; "might was right and priggish prospered" in both cases for a time. Poor Jack came to be hung by reactionists—the other drama has not developed to that point yet; and President Jack takes Paul Louis Courier's advice, "not to let the evil of to-morrow deprive of the good of to-day," in opposition to Solon's, which would bid him wait the end.

In sober seriousness, are we to be so dazzled by gorgeous splendor purchased with plunder, and by power consolidated through bloodshed and proscription, as to be prevented from discerning the true nature of this man's authority and influence, and from bestowing on it and those who do homage to it their true names? As the purest religion consists in the recognition and love of worth wherever it be found, so the basest idolatry is to render worship, respect, and submission, to that which is unworthy and ignoble; and reason and conscience impose upon all who have the power, the duty of denouncing it as a treason to humanity. This man has saved French society!—what a society it must be to be saved by such a man! For society can only be saved by that which is wisest, noblest, best in itself; by that man or men who apprehend

its wants and can realize them. How has M. Bonaparte apprehended the wants of French society and realized them! Bayonets in the street, Te Deums in the churches, balls at the Tuileries—violence, hypocrisy, and frivolity—these are the forces which M. Bonaparte has evolved. Are these what are meant by the vital forces of a state? And the classes in whom these forces reside, the soldier, the priest, the man of pleasure, are these the classes on whom the strength, the endurance, the prosperity of a state depend? Yes! French society has been saved—the French nation has disappeared. The selected five thousand may dine and dance and dress, if they have the coolness to enjoy these amusements on the smouldering ashes of a volcano. Lamartine, with his high-flown sentiment, calmed the passions and checked the rapacity of the prolétaire; Cavaignac's firmness and stern vigor quelled a real Socialist insurrection; but they neither of them gave grand balls to a selected five thousand, and so the select five thousand found them theorists and unpractical men, who did not understand France, and, in short, could not save society—which, as society itself avows, is a sacred association for dining, dancing, dressing, &c. Not that it is altogether the saltatory motion, nor the excitement of the gastric juices, which saves society, but the having a great man to toady and flatter, in whose living its sham hierarchy may be clothed and glorified. For it is not the nerves of the toes, or of the stomach, that cause this thrill of gratitude through the community, of the "saved," but those far more excitable nerves of social vanity, which have grown torpid under the leaden reign of liberty, fraternity, and equality, and now wake up to quick susceptibility when brought into rapport with a man who is raised above his fellows by qualities which dazzle and subdue the imaginations of the vulgar great. This "fashionable" world, the counterfeit of a true aristocracy—with no convictions, no recognition of duties, simply eager for pomp and pleasure and badges to gratify its pride—what does it need but a counterfeit Caesar under whose image and superscription its false coinage of title and station may pass current, careless whether it represent the value without which fact and the Eternal will have no coinage pass current long! And so it crowds the salons of the man who can give it what it wants, "panem et circenses," pleasures and grand-crosses. His greatness is like their own, divorced from wisdom or goodness—this man, who can do and has done just what no good or wise man would wish to be able to do, take life and property as he pleases—a magnified highwayman, the very King of Flunkydome, Jonathan Wild the Great. How true is the remark of the same witty writer we have already quoted, "Were there but three men in the world, one would pay court to another and call him lord, and those two united would force the third to work for them."

Looking away from that saddening spectacle of an usurper triumphing through the baseness of the wealthy and pleasure-seeking classes of a great foreign country, how is it with ourselves? Have the pursuit of wealth and pleasure, and the excitement of vanity, eaten the heart out of us too, and given us over, bound hand and foot, to the king of the Flunkies! Do we recognize and honor a man when we have him before us, or is the tinsel of momentary success, for us too, the touchstone of worth? Do actions, for us too, change their character, according to the scale on which they are

performed? Is England sound at heart, worshipping neither Mammon nor Fashion, but reverencing man as made in the image of his Creator, and therefore cherishing the sentiment of liberty, without which constitutional forms are a systematized fraud? It would be pleasant to believe it: but we have heard that the English in Paris were as eager as others to see and to be seen at this Jack Sheppard ball; and at home we are said to be over-fond of wealth, and to regard little the means by which it is made—to care much for a bow from a lord, and very little to honor the wise man or be honored by him. “Honesty the best policy” among us! Yes, we must not pick pockets, or go shop-lifting—but a gigantic swindle by which one gains a million, a wholesale iniquity by which the rich become richer and the poor poorer!—Oh, stop! now you’re using violent revolutionary language! I’m no Socialist, thank Heaven; respect for property, and for those who have a stake in the country, are, sir, the foundations on which reposes the majestic and time-honored fabric of the British constitution.

From the Spectator, January 31.

THE PAST AND COMING LEGISLATURES OF FRANCE.

THE President-Dictator is constructing a new patent law-making machine for France. It is in appearance unnecessarily complicated. There is the President-Dictator himself, to supply the raw material of all laws; a Council of State and a Senate, to put them into shape, and to give them the finishing polish; and a Legislative Body, to register them. But as the composite bodies are merely to do in silence the bidding of the simple one, the President-Dictator with a few clerks could do the work equally well. Of the four great wheels of the machine three are superfluous. Of this the inventor is fully aware; he does not wait for the completion of his machine, but daily promulgates laws by the dozen without its assistance.

Before the new machine for the fabrication of French law is completed, it may not be uninteresting to look back at that which has been destroyed to make way for it. A French pamphlet, just published, describing the process of its breaking-up by the emissaries of the great “Luddite” or machine-breaker now on the throne of France, invites to this retrospect. It is entitled, “Dernière Séance de l’Assemblée Nationale; Paris, December 2, 1851.” It is printed in London, for no printer in Paris could have undertaken the task in safety. It is derived from sources that entitle us to look upon it as an authorized report of the last act of lawful authority in France.

Whatever mistakes the late National Assembly of France may be thought to have committed, its dying scene was worthy of all honor. The usurper attempted to degrade the members in public estimation by subjecting them to wanton and ruffian maltreatment by the soldiery, and by having them transported to prison in the vans destined for the conveyance of rogues and criminals; but the unostentatious firmness with which these insults were borne and despised; the tranquil courage with which the representatives who contrived to assemble discharged their last duty, by declaring the “*déchéance du Président*,” with as minute attention to legal form as they could have brought to bear on a railway bill in the hour of safety—was truly

heroic. When the authentic records of the last sitting of the late representatives of France become known to the people, and the vulgar ribaldry of Granier de Cassagnac has been forgotten as it deserves, it will be owned that the Assembly fell with the fearless dignity of Cæsar covering his head at the base of Pompey’s statue, or of the Roman Senate tranquilly awaiting in the Forum the advent of Brennus and his Gauls.

More than this; when the disturbing influence of partisan misrepresentation shall have passed away, it will be admitted that the previous career of the Assembly was not altogether unworthy of its close. The main accusation against the Assembly by its vituperators was that of factious combination of incompatible parties to contest power with the president, and the waste, in those struggles, of the time that ought to have been devoted to practical legislation. The coup d’état of the 2d December, and the subsequent proceedings of him who struck that blow, have shown that this combination, those struggles, were purely defensive, and unavoidable on the part of the Assembly; and impartial history will record, that this numerous body, composed in a great measure of men new to political business, embracing representatives of the most various and extreme parties, resisted the rash, foolish, and mischievous proposals of a revolutionary epoch, and was gradually restoring confidence and order in society. The Assembly prevented the confiscation at an earlier period of the Orleans property, now carried into effect; the Assembly broke up the ateliers nationaux of M. Louis Blanc; the Assembly dispersed the regimented felons of M. Caussidière. The Assembly struggled in vain to reëstablish the national finances; but their dilapidation had commenced under Louis Philippe, and it violated no sound principle of finance or political economy in its attempts to readjust them. The legislation of the Assembly with reference to the caisses d’épargne has in the course of three years had the effect of trebling the number of small holders in the national funds, and of arresting the progress of the extreme subdivision of landed property. Called into existence in a moment of utter anarchy, the Assembly reassured the minds of men, and imparted a healthier tone to industrial enterprise by its prudent conservatism.

The subsequent conduct of those members of the Assembly who on the 2d of December fearlessly recorded their protest against the coup d’état amid danger and intimidation, has been worthy of all that preceded it. Not one of them has bowed the knee to the Baal of that usurpation, although they have seen victims selected from their number for imprisonment, exile, deportation to a deadly tropical swamp. They have abstained from fruitless conspiracies or émeutes, which could only have served the usurper as a pretext for increasing the rigor of his spy system and martial law. Calmly, proudly, wisely, they wait the hour when France shall reawaken from the disgraceful panic that has benumbed her; and when that hour comes, they will be the rallying-point of the friends of law, order, and justice.

EPITOME OF FRENCH LIBERTY.—Universal suffering and vote by bullet.

If Louis Napoleon take liberty from the press, what will be the product?—Dead letters!

THE MINISTRY AND THE PRESS.

[The Times, of the 4th of February, reports, at great length, the speeches upon the opening of Parliament the night before. We copy what bears upon the subject of this article.]

From the speech of the Earl of Derby, (Lord Stanley,) leader of the Protectionists :—

It is not for us, therefore, here to canvass every step which has been taken in France—to canvass either the policy or morality of any particular act which may have been done. It is enough for us that the existing state of government has been acquiesced in by the French almost with unanimity—it is enough for us to see that the extraordinary powers which are exercised by the French president have been conferred upon him by the almost unanimous expression of the popular opinion of France—it is enough for us to see that he holds the power which he now exercises by a title which we are bound to respect, that of the declared and expressed will of the people of France. (Hear, hear.) My lords, I will go further, and I will say that I firmly believe that the French president personally is fully disposed to entertain friendly relations, and to maintain a pacific policy towards other nations. (Cheers.) But, my lords, I think that if anything could divert him from that course—if he were a man likely to be worked upon by his own personal feelings—if anything were likely to divert him from that course of policy which I believe his inclination and his sense of the interests of France are likely to make him take, it would be the injudicious, and, I may add, unjustifiable language, which has been made use of by a large portion of the public press of this country upon the character of the French government and people. (Loud cheers from all parts of the house.) If, as in these days, the press aspires to exercise the influence of statesmen, the press should remember that they are not free from the corresponding responsibility of statesmen, (renewed cheers,) and that it is incumbent on them, as a sacred duty, to maintain that tone of moderation and respect even in expressing frankly their opinions on foreign affairs which would be required of every man who pretends to guide public opinion, and which is naturally expected from every man who does not seek to inflict the most serious evils upon his own country and others (cheers); and I say that it is more than imprudent, that it is more than injudicious, that it is more than folly—that it is perfect madness at one and the same time to profess a belief in the hostile intentions of a foreign country, and to parade before them the supposed inability of this country to defend itself (cheers); to magnify the resources of your supposed assailant, and to point out how easy would be the invasion, if not the subjugation of this country, (though, thank God, the most violent have not yet spoken of subjugation); but to speak of that invasion, accompanying it with details of the fearful amount of horror and bloodshed which, under any circumstances, must attend it, and then, in the same breath, to assail with every term of obloquy, of vituperation, and abuse, the public and private character of the man who wields that force which you say is irresistible. (Cheers.) I am sure, my lords, that whatever unfavorable impression may have been made on the public mind of France by the unjustifiable censures of the public press, that impression may be removed to a great extent by the frank expression of opinion such as you have now

received in this and the other house of Parliament; and certain I am that in making use of these expressions I speak the opinion of every well-judging and well-meaning friend of his country.

From the speech of the Colonial Minister, Earl Grey :—

He had, like the noble earl, observed with the deepest concern—and he might say, also, with the indignation which the noble earl had expressed—the tone taken by a large portion of the newspaper press of this country. He thought that denunciations of the person at the head of the government of France, coupled with those which the noble earl had justly said were not only exaggerated, but untrue, representations of the defenceless condition of this country, not only savored of imprudence, but of something worse than imprudence (hear, hear); and he rejoiced that the noble earl, in the position he occupied, had come forward to state, in the emphatic manner he had done, his utter repudiation of language such as that which he had described (hear, hear); and he trusted that when the full assurance and concurrence of his (Earl Grey's) colleagues in that repudiation was given, and that, as he was sure was the case, the same sentiment was echoed by every one of their lordships, (hear,) the mischief, the incalculable evil that might otherwise have resulted from the language held by a great part of the newspaper press of this country, would be neutralized, (hear,) and that it would be understood in foreign countries that, however those newspapers might express the opinions and feelings of those who wrote them, they did not express the opinions or feelings of any great or powerful party in this country or in the House of Parliament.

From the speech of the Prime Minister, Lord John Russell :—

I confess I have seen with very great regret the language which has been used by a portion of the press of this country (loud cheers from both sides of the house) with respect to the President of France. I remember something as a boy, and I have read more, of that which occurred during the Peace of Amiens to render that peace of short duration, and to involve these two great countries in the most bloody hostilities that ever mangled the face of Europe. (Hear, hear.) I believe that temperate discussion and negotiation between the two countries might have prevented the calamity of war, but that the language of the press at that time was such that it embittered all negotiation and prevented the continuance of that peace. (Loud cheers.) Sir, I should deeply regret if the press of this country, at the present time, were to take a similar course. (Cheers.) We have obtained one advantage over that time—that the First Consul, great as were his abilities, was totally ignorant of the manners and constitution of this country. The present President of France has this advantage over his uncle, that he is perfectly aware how much liberty we enjoy, how much license of discussion prevails, and that the most unmeasured invective of the press does not imply any feeling of hostility either on the part of the government or on the part of the nation. (Hear, hear.) I am convinced of this, that there never was a time in which it is more essential that these two countries should preserve the relations of peace and amity. I am convinced that there never was a time when the peace of Europe would contribute more to the course of civilization and happiness. I am convinced, likewise, from every

source of information I have had, that the ruler of France, the present President of France, is desirous of keeping on those terms of amity (hear, hear); and it shall not be any fault of ours—it shall not be any fault of the government of this country, if these terms of peace and amity are not continued.

Answer of the Times, in the same paper.

Nature has implanted in the mind of man genuine and disinterested feelings which refer all actions to an internal standard utterly independent of success and failure. It is in this perception of right and wrong, of dignity and worthlessness, that we differ from all other animals; and in its free and manly expression we vindicate our right to consider ourselves something better and more permanent than the beasts that perish. When great crimes are committed, it is according to the nature of things that they should for a time remain unpunished, because their perpetrator seldom ventures on them without the prospect of immediate impunity. But it is equally according to the nature of things that those crimes should meet with immediate and earnest reprobation, and that those dictates of conscience which have been violated in act should at any rate assert their dignity and pronounce their sentence. Unsuccessful crime is its own punishment, but there is no theme so worthy the hand of a public writer as the exposure of successful treachery.

When, in violation of his solemn oath, of the trust which he had undertaken, and the assurances which he had repeatedly given, Louis Napoleon seized on the supreme power of France, imprisoned her representatives, massacred her peaceful citizens, gagged her press, and, leaguering himself with the dregs of her people, declared war against learning, genius, eloquence, and valor, we did not stop to inquire whether there was anything to be gained by passing over these things in silence; we wrote as we felt, and held up such violation of all laws, human and divine, to the ignominy which it deserved. Had the plague been stayed here—had the dictator of France, after trampling under his feet her laws, her liberty, and her renown, seriously applied himself to the work of reconstruction, and determined to exercise for the benefit of mankind a power obtained by their slaughter, their oppression, and their degradation, we should have felt bound, according to our usual practice, to abandon useless complaints, and to give full credit to the new government for whatever good it might have been able to effect. But, as if urged on by the inextinguishable guilt of the first crime, the ruler of France has proceeded to fill up the period of the two short months which have elapsed since his accession to power, with a series of offences more than justifying the opinion which we have at first expressed, and covering with shame the few among us who have advocated his cause. We find that the course which we have thus adopted, however in accordance with honesty and sincerity, has incurred the censure of certain noble lords whose opinion in a case of less clear and paramount duty we should receive with every respect. Can it be said that our strictures have not been true, or that in seeking out analogies from the darkest periods of Pagan history we have at all exaggerated the repulsive features of military sway? Or is it thought that we, divided by a mere thread of water from a land which groans under this Prætorian tyranny, have too little interest in the matter to make it a theme of earnest and constant discussion? We do not

apprehend that any of these objections can be seriously advanced, and the only other ground of exception to the freedom of our strictures must be unwillingness to hear unwelcome truth told of a governing power, and fear that we are needlessly provoking a potent and unscrupulous enemy. For the first of these motives we entertain little respect. It may be very disagreeable for the forty-six titled and untitled ladies and gentlemen who recently partook of the splendid hospitality of the Tuileries to be told the real character and pretensions of the person at whose banquet they had the matchless condescension to assist. Cradled in the lap of liberty, nourished in a healthy moral atmosphere, and habituated to freedom of thought, speech, and action, they probably have the sensibility to feel the dishonor, though they had not the self-respect to resist the allurements of the imperial banquet. It can give them little pleasure to be told that their revel was decked out at the expense of a nation basely cheated of its liberties, and of a royal house through whose matchless clemency alone their entertainer was enabled to celebrate a festival over its ruin. They cannot like to be told that they lent lustre to a feast inaugurating an era of spoliation, and that little as they contributed to countenance their host, they did as much as possible to discredit their country. Possibly the two noble lords who have successively misgoverned our colonies may not be without sympathy for a man who has not only been able to oppress, but to silence all complaint of his oppression, and might willingly behold the press of this island reduced to the same decorous taciturnity as that of France; but from Lord John Russell we should have expected other sympathies, and we may fairly complain of a censor who turns out his Foreign Secretary for speaking well of Louis Napoleon, and quarrels with the press for speaking ill of him.

As to the provocation which it is alleged that we are giving to a powerful enemy, we confess that we are ashamed to be called on to notice such an accusation. In France crime succeeds crime without the possibility of a voice being raised or a line written against it. All that shows that a heart yet beats beneath the prostrate and apparently inanimate form of the fettered giant is stifled ere it can find utterance. The moderate and cautious protests, which a sense of intolerable wrong has wrung from the most timid opponents and the most ardent supporters of the president, would die unheard and unrecorded, were it not for the echo on this side of the Channel, which catches them up and reverberates them in notes of distant but still alarming import. Are we to bow to the same censure as that which has destroyed the press of Paris, or are we merely to print these things and abstain from the comment which they invite? Is every action of our own statesmen to remain the subject of the freest and most unfettered criticism, and are we to abstain from offering an opinion on the rulers of foreign countries? Or are we to venture remarks on the conduct of powers weak or remote, but to be awed into silence when dealing with those nearer or more powerful? Are we to fly at small game, and, while censuring the irregularities of Naples or Portugal, to view with tolerant servility the aberrations of France or Russia? We apprehend not. This island is the last asylum not only for the political exiles, but for the liberal and constitutional ideas of the rest of Europe. Here, at least, the truth may be told in safety. It has never been the practice of this country to hold her

liberties on the sufferance or forbearance of foreign potentates. We are not a free nation by the will of France, but by our own, and we trust the maintenance of our freedom, not to the forbearance of our neighbors, but to our own strength. That strength is fully adequate to its preservation. A feeble and incompetent ministry have neglected preparations for war, but we have not fallen so low as to be obliged to fawn, for the sake of preserving peace, on ambition, however successful, or fraud, however triumphant. Let those by whom the administration of our affairs is conducted repair without loss of time the decay which a long peace has brought into our establishments; but let them not, out of a feeling of panic, created by their own negligence, require the press to abandon that tone of free criticism which is now almost the only check to the march of despotic ideas in Europe. Such a course would be as impolitic as it is mean; it would show that the spirit of the nation is cowed by the real or imaginary danger by which it is surrounded. As such a change of tone cannot possibly proceed from conviction, it would be immediately and justly attributed to fear; and a fear that should suppress free discussion in England, hitherto the very breath of the nation's nostrils, would be such an encouragement as no foreign invader has hitherto received. In the full consciousness of our strength, fearing nothing but our government's carelessness and our own over-confidence, we can afford to discuss openly and freely the chances of invasion and our powers of resistance—to tell France truth in one column, and England in the next. We are not disposed to surrender one half of this privilege. We owe it to the trampled intelligence and bleeding liberty of France to lift up in this sanctuary of freedom a voice which yet dares to denounce the crimes of her oppressor. Couched in a foreign language, and forbidden translation into their own, our solemn appeal to the conscience of mankind may fail to penetrate in its original form to the ears we would wish it to reach; but the thought will live though the vehicle of its expression may be jealously excluded, and the mind of one nation thoroughly informed with the principles of liberty and justice, in spite of an army of spies and a garrison of police, will act through a thousand channels of social and confidential intercourse upon the mind of the other. We owe it to the cause of liberty, humanity, and social order, to do our best to prevent the public opinion of this country from being dazzled by the spectacle of successful vice, or intimidated by the vicinity of lawless power. We owe it to the purity of our national character to prove that wickedness is never more odious to us than in prosperity; and we owe it to the rest of the world to keep this great lesson constantly before the eyes of the English people, destined to act so mighty a part in its instruction for good or for evil. We have endeavored to fulfil this mission, and we cannot believe that the national spirit is sunk so low as to wish us to desist from it from a craven fear of the mighty criminal whom we have endeavored to drag before the unerring tribunal of public justice.

From the Times, 31st Jan.

PLAYS AND DANCES FOR CHARITY.

A THEATRICAL performance has been announced at Drury-lane theatre for the relief of the sufferers

by the destruction of the Amazon. Such an exhibition is a curious anomaly in the social manners of the nineteenth century. Charity, according to our modern notions, is the most uncompromising of all the virtues. She looks only to the end, and troubles herself not about the means. To raise contributions she will assume the form of a master of the ceremonies, of a figurante, of a comic actor, of a rope-dancer. What matters it so the result is a plate full of money! Certainly, we would be the last persons to hamper her proceedings when she has in view so godlike a result as the relief of the unfortunate. If the contributions of the charitable can only be levied under cover of a summerset or a broad grin, it is better that they should be so obtained than not at all. Therefore, in the few remarks we are about to offer upon the proposed performance, we would be most careful to exclude, at the outset, all notion of the faintest reprehension against the patrons and promoters of this benevolent project. The queen herself, always the readiest person in her own dominions to come forward in aid of undeserved calamity, has graciously permitted that the performance at Drury-lane should receive the sanction of her name. Doubtless her majesty considers the project as one which will largely contribute to the relief of the widows and orphans who have been deprived of their natural supporters by so tragical an event. To pass from the highest personage in the realm to others less exalted in station, we would add, with all due commendation, that Mdlle. Rita Favanti has volunteered her services on this occasion for the benefit of the sufferers. Our opinion is fixed as to the moral condition of an audience which requires the fillip of a scenic performance to rouse its compassionate sensibilities into active play. We have, however, nothing but praise for the charitable zeal with which Mdlle. Favanti has placed her talents at the disposal of these forlorn people. We will go even further than this, and add a word of advice to all persons who may be conscious that they would not contribute otherwise than in so questionable a manner to the help of those poor creatures at Southampton who have to deplore the loss of a father, brother, or husband. For all such persons "the play's the thing." Let every one of the number take tickets for the stalls or the dress circle, although the house may be so encumbered by the issue of tickets that he can only reckon upon accommodation in the one shilling gallery. The money will be better bestowed in the pockets of the poor "Amazons" than in his own. If he be in doubt whether he shall visit Drury-lane for the purpose of his own selfish amusement on Monday or Saturday, let him by all means give the preference to the "Amazon night."

Thus much for the promoters of this charitable scheme. They are in the right. They may have formed a very just appreciation of the benevolent impulses of their countrymen. But when we turn to the audience itself we confess that our feelings are not unmixed with shame and indignation. What! when the waves of the Atlantic have scarcely closed over the strong swimmer's agony—when even now we can scarcely banish from our minds the image of that awful hour on board the Amazon when the passengers and the crew were driven by the fire back to the roaring sea, and by the sea back upon the fire, and a terrible death either way was the only alternative left to their choice, if, indeed, fast coming frenzy had not anticipated volition—is this an occasion for fiddling and dancing, for orchestral symphonies, and cun-

ningly devised pantomimes? We cannot pretend to enter into the feelings of the age, or to sympathize in these rapid alternations from grief to joy—from mourning to theatric merriment. The loss of the Amazon was a national calamity. We do not speak of the commercial value of the huge ship and its freight, but of the brave hearts which have ceased to beat in consequence of that sad event. When the ship's name is mentioned we should be more disposed to feel sad than to plan a merry-making in honor of the calamity. If we remember right, there were tribes among the North American Indians who would have esteemed the slightest display of emotion at the loss of their nearest and dearest friend a womanish weakness. We have never read that even among these stoical savages any tribe was accustomed to celebrate a general calamity by a general feast. Sparta would hold itself outdone by the phlegmatic indifference of the Anglo-Saxon race. Why not a fancy ball at the Hanover Square rooms to commemorate our recent reverses at the Cape? Why not a cholera masquerade under Monsieur Jullien's direction—the funds to be applied to improve the sewage of the most infected districts? Why not a small-pox whitebait dinner, or an Irish murder regatta? Let the funds from any of these exhibitions be but applied to a charitable end, and any of them would stand upon precisely the same footing as the theatrical performance announced at Drury-lane. Such things may be right, but there is a first honest impulse in the human breast which refuses to recognize this hybrid union of grief and joy, of undried tears and laughter “holding both his sides.”

The moral of all this should be that every person who might otherwise have attended the performance at Drury-lane should contribute the price of his ticket—why not more if consistent with his means—and quietly stop away. Is it possible to relish a theatrical performance while one cannot but be conscious that the reason he is present in the theatre at all is because the Amazon met with so melancholy an end? There is something in a sudden calamity of this kind which should remove it from the ordinary category of “Fancy Fair Woe.” Custom, however, has spread a thin varnish of repute over such exhibitions. The sufferings they are professedly intended to alleviate are prospective rather than in actual existence. Such is not the case of the Amazon. The sobs of the widow and the orphan are not yet stilled. We have no assurance even yet that we can count our loss to its last figure, although the recent arrivals from the Spanish and Portuguese coasts have overthrown much anxious expectation. To be charitable is excellent; to be charitable in secret we are told is still better. To deprive ourselves of a pleasure, or even of a necessary, for the sake of the unfortunate, adds salt and savor to a charitable act. We leave the deduction from these first principles of Christian ethics to the consideration of the future audience, on the Amazon night, at Drury-lane theatre.

THE *Augsburg Gazette* states that the greatest efforts are making by the government of Bavaria to induce M. Liebig to leave the University of Giessen, in which he has so long taught, and accept the highest chair of Chemistry in that of Munich.

From the Examiner.

HANDS ALL ROUND.

First drink a health, this solemn night,
A health to England, every guest;
That man 's the best cosmopolite,
Who loves his native country best.
May Freedom's oak forever live
With stronger life from day to day;
That man 's the true Conservative,
Who lops the mouldered branch away.
Hands all round!
God the tyrant's hope confound!
To this great cause of freedom drink, my friends,
And the great name of England round and round.

A health to Europe's honest men!
Heaven guard them from her tyrants' jails!
From wronged Poerio's noisome den,
From ironed limbs and tortured nails!
We curse the crimes of southern kings,
The Russian whips and Austrian rods—
We, likewise, have our evil things;
Too much we make our ledgers, gods.
Yet hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound!
To Europe's better health we drink, my friends,
And the great name of England round and round.

What health to France, if France be she,
Whom martial prowess only charms?
Yet tell her—Better to be free
Than vanquish all the world in arms.
Her frantic city's flashing heats
But fire, to blast, the hopes of men.
Why change the titles of your streets?
You fools, you 'll want them all again.
Yet hands all round!
God their tyrant's cause confound!
To France, the wiser France, we drink, my friends,
And the great name of England round and round.

Gigantic daughter of the West,
We drink to thee across the flood;
We know thee most, we love thee best,
For art thou not of British blood?
Should war's mad blast again be blown,
Permit not thou the tyrant powers
To fight thy mother here alone,
But let thy broadsides roar with ours.
Hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound!
To our great kinsmen of the West, my friends,
And the great name of England round and round.

O rise, our strong Atlantic sons,
When war against our freedom springs!
O speak to Europe through your guns!
They can be understood by kings.
You must not mix our queen with those
That wish to keep their people fools;
Our freedom's foemen are her foes,
She comprehends the race she rules.
Hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound!
To our dear kinsmen of the West, my friends,
And the great cause of freedom round and round.

MERLIN.